

# The Academy and Literature

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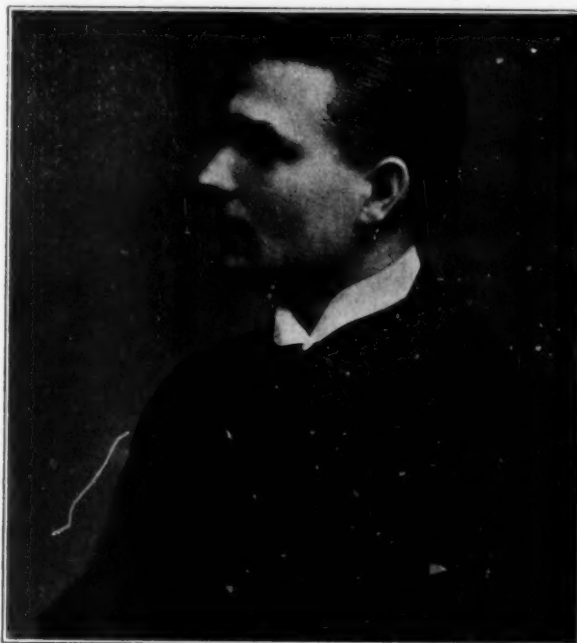
## Literary Notes

**S**IR WILLIAM ANSON, M.P., delivered a suggestive address at the fifteenth annual meeting of the National Home Reading Union, held at the Mansion House on January 20. Among other things, the truth of which cannot be denied, he pointed out that many people regarded education as a little book-learning acquired in early life, which might be forgotten without much loss. Although this is called a practical age it is saddening to mark how few there are who realise the practical value of general education. There has been so much talk lately of technical that general education has been thrust somewhat into the background. The reading of history, biography, books of travel, and poetry is looked upon by busy men as the unprofitable luxury of the leisured few, much to the loss of the busy man. The wider cultivation of a man's mind the wider his outlook on life, and his ability to grasp the essentials of questions that come before him and to understand the thoughts and motives of those with whom he has to deal.

BUT the temptations to scrappy, desultory and unprofitable reading are many and strong. The daily press is the greatest of all tempters in this matter; the average man believes he has no time for serious reading, and is too easily contented to learn about books at second hand. How many—or rather how few—have read a chapter or a line of Herbert Spencer? Yet how full are his works of practical knowledge. The National Home Reading Union is engaged, therefore, on a most worthy work, and the larger the scope of that work the better will it be for this generation and the next. University Extension is another line of progress in education that calls for the strenuous support of all those who would see our country in the forefront of those races who realise that general is as essential to prosperity as technical and business education.

Two of the evil results of desultory reading and the perusal of "tit-bits" are the accumulation of inaccurate information and mental indigestion of accurate information, which, owing to the many methods of acquirement, cannot be properly assimilated and therefore add no strength to the mind. For the former bad effect the best cures are provided by the courses of the University Extension Movement and the Home Reading Union; for the latter, some system of memory training is extremely useful. Of such there are many, and probably most of us have some simple system of our own, probably not entirely adequate, though more useful than the old-fashioned knot in the handkerchief. Of the many advertised systems of memory training, that of Mr. Pelman seems to be quite one of the best, having met with much practical success and being founded upon scientific principles. It is, I understand, used in many of the higher educational institutions on the

Continent, and, indeed, memory training might well be added to the ground covered by our own school and college courses.



MR. COSMO HAMILTON

[Photo. Langher.]

DEAN KITCHIN's collection of papers written during the past five years is now ready for publication (by Mr. John Murray) under the title "Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies." The Dean of Durham is preparing for the Victoria History of the Counties of England a paper on the Saint Cuthbert relics at Durham, and an article from his pen on the Romanticist era of English Literature will appear in the "Saint George's Magazine."

MR. COSMO HAMILTON has written a "novel" version of his play "The Wisdom of Folly," which will be issued towards the end of next month. A serial in dialogue by the same writer will appear in "Black and White" under the title "According to Cocker."

It is good news that Mrs. Sarah Grand is so far recovered from her recent serious illness as to be at work again and that she is at present engaged upon a short novel and a play. It is always pleasant to hear of a writer of established reputation devoting time to the art of the playwright and it inspires hope that the great comedy (or tragedy) may some day see the footlights.

Two of the most interesting of the Dante Society's lectures should be those on "Dante and the Traveller," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, on February 10, and on "The Art of Portraiture: Dante and Goya," by Mrs. Craigie, on April 13.

Mr. JOHN MURRAY announces many highly interesting works for immediate publication, among which I may mention "The House of Quiet," by an anonymous writer who really desires to remain anonymous; "Ireland in the New Century," by Sir Horace Plunkett, who has almost entirely rewritten the book consequent on the changed condition of affairs brought about by the recent Land Bill and other political changes; "William Shakespeare: His Family and Friends," by the late Mr. Charles I. Elton, who brought his expert knowledge to bear upon various incidents in the dramatist's business life; and "Impressions of Japan," by Mr. G. H. Rittner.

On February 4, Messrs. Chatto and Windus will issue "V.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barfield and of The Crimea," by Mr. David Christie Murray, a writer who has hardly done justice to his gifts. Perhaps—? The same firm will publish, on February 11, "British Violin-Makers," by the Reverend W. Meredith Morris, with numerous illustrations, portraits and facsimiles.

To the number of about forty, the members of the Elizabethan Literary Society and their friends assembled at the Salisbury Hotel, on the 22nd, for their annual dinner; the President, Mr. Sidney Lee, being in the chair. The guest of the evening was Mr. W. J. Craig, whose enterprise in devising editions of Shakespeare for every conceivable form of pocket was commended by the chairman. Appropriate songs and scenes from Marlowe, Dekker and Vanbrugh, enlivened the after proceedings. The company included Mr. A. H. Bullen, Professor W. P. Ker and Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

THE "hangers" of the Royal Scottish Academy are at present engaged in adapting to their space the works which have been sent in for the exhibition which will open about a week hence. Several important loans have been obtained, including examples of Whistler's work, difficult to get, just now, when everybody is worshipping the once-neglected master. The show of the Royal Glasgow Institute, which rivals in importance the older body in the "capital of the other side of Scotland," will, owing to change of habitation, not be opened till the first of March, a good deal later than usual. The loan collection here promises to be of unusual excellence.

At a meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness the other day, extreme differences of opinion found expression regarding the decay of the language, one speaker asserting that it was dying out, while another viewed matters more hopefully, but urged that the Education Department should be called upon to give more practical assistance in

disseminating a knowledge of Gaelic among children. On the historic side of Celtic investigation there is no lack of industry in Scotland. Last year, Dr. Magnus Maclean published the first series of his Glasgow University Maccallum Celtic lectures, and now the second series is announced by Messrs. Blackie. "The Literature of the Highlands," as it will be named, will deal largely with the Gaelic literature of the Highlands after the '45, which, it seems, is the golden age of Highland poetry. Professor Kuno Meyer, of Liverpool, is at present delivering his course of Maccallum lectures in succession to Dr. Maclean.

THEN Messrs. Blackwood announce a work on "The Celtic and Scandinavian Antiquities of Shetland," by Mr. Gilbert Goudie. This book deals with the archaeology of the Shetland Isles from the earliest times, and its author is a recognised authority on all Shetlandic matters, being the possessor of a wonderful collection of Northern literature and curios.

WHATEVER the origin of the Scottish clan—whether it was patriarchal, or whether, as has been suggested, the owner of the largest number of cows, who was also a good fighter and speaker, imposed himself upon the tribe as its legal father—it is evident that nowadays a clan which has no natural head must elect one. So, when the scattered remnants of the Clan Macmillan gathered themselves into a modern society for preservation of their name and history, they turned, in default of a hereditary chief, to one of the two sons of the Arran peasant-farmer who had founded the great publishing business of Macmillan & Co. But age and infirmity were upon Alexander Macmillan, and the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan was selected as first chief of the re-embodied clan. On his retirement, however, Mr. George Macmillan, the son of Alexander, succeeded to the Chiefship, and last week he presided over the annual meeting of the Clan, devoting his address mainly to a eulogy of the work of his predecessor, who died last year. It is a far cry from the belligerent cow-owner of old days to an author and a publisher as successive heads of a Clan Society; but few will deny that here the last state is better than the first.

DR. DUNCAN writes:—"Having been entrusted by the late Mr. Herbert Spencer with the writing of his biography, I shall be greatly obliged to persons who may possess letters from him of interest or value, if they will kindly lend them to me for the purpose of such biography. All letters addressed to Dr. Duncan, c/o H. R. Tedder, Esq., Secretary, The Athenæum, Pall Mall, London, S.W., will be carefully preserved and returned in due course to their owners." Interesting as is the autobiography, there are many things to be said of Herbert Spencer which he could and would not say himself. Dr. Duncan's book should prove valuable and interesting, and readers of THE ACADEMY who can assist him will be facilitating a good work.

THE sale of the original MS. of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost" ended in the "lot" being bought in at £5,000. The following note was given in the auctioneer's catalogue:—"This manuscript is the property of Henry Clinton Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, and it has been in his family since 1772, when it was inherited by his great-great-grandfather, William Baker, from Richard Tonson, brother of the younger Jacob Tonson. William Baker was the eldest son of Sir William Baker, M.P. for Herts, who married Mary Tonson, daughter of the younger Jacob Tonson, in 1742." The highest bid was £4,750; blessed are the dead authors!



As already announced, it was decided at a meeting recently held in Dublin, "that it is desirable to commemorate the services rendered to letters and to history by the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, and that to this end a Committee be formed to promote a public memorial in Ireland." A committee has now been formed, which has been joined amongst others by Sir Edward Carson, M.P., Professor Dowden, Professor Mahaffy, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Secretaries, The Lecky Memorial Committee, 36, Molesworth Street, Dublin, or per The Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.

## Bibliographical

THE other day I expressed in this column the hope that the then forthcoming "Poetical Works of Christina Rossetti" would be a complete collection, pointing to the fact that the volume of Miss Rossetti's "Verses" published in 1893 was issued, not by Messrs. Macmillan, but by the S.P.C.K. I am glad to see that the "Works" as now brought out in one substantial volume by Messrs. Macmillan are really complete, or at least as complete as one could rationally desire. Arrangements have been made by which the "Verses" of 1893 are included; and not only that—Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the editor, has reproduced no fewer than thirty-two pieces from the privately printed "Verses" of 1847. He has likewise included in the "Works" eleven pieces not hitherto put in type. Of these last, only one, called "Downcast" (page 328), is more than a trifle; even "Downcast" is a fragment only. Personally I should have been well satisfied had Mr. Rossetti contented himself with reproducing the volumes of 1862, 1866, 1872, 1881, 1893, and 1896; but as he has thought fit to present us with forty-three pieces in addition, it would be churlish to make objection. Here at any rate are all the poems by Christina Rossetti which were deliberately given to the world.

In arranging the "Works" Mr. Rossetti has put aside the strictly chronological method, preferring a method of his own, by which the book starts with "The Longer Poems" ("Goblin Market," "The Prince's Progress," &c.), and then sets before us in succession the "juvenilia," the Devotional Poems (grouped according to subjects), the General Poems, the Poems for Children and Minor Verse, and, lastly, the Italian pieces. Each piece is, where possible, dated. Further, Mr. Rossetti, who is nothing if not thorough, supplies a list of the contents (in order) of the collected edition put together by Miss Rossetti herself; also a list of the poems by Miss Rossetti still extant in manuscript only; and thirdly, a list of the published poems grouped under the head of the seven "leading themes or key-notes of feeling" which he believes he detects in those poems. Then there are thirty-six pages of notes to the poems, full of interesting information.

Lastly, to the collected poems Mr. Rossetti prefixes a memoir of his sister, running to twenty-six pages. This is notable as furnishing, for the first time, some details of the two "affairs of the heart" which made so marked an impression upon Miss Rossetti; a list of her chief friends and acquaintances; a description of her personal appearance; a list of the portraits of her; and finally, a sketch of her character, temperament and habits. Altogether, this volume (barring the last two paragraphs of the preface, which seem unnecessary, and the question whether the volume of 1847 and the manuscript poems should have been touched at all) is a model of its kind and a very great boon to the admirers of Miss Rossetti's poetry. I may add, however, that in my opinion it does not render

at all superfluous the "Life of Christina Rossetti" which Mr. Mackenzie Bell published in 1898—a work which contains much biographical matter not supplied by Mr. Rossetti's memoir, and which, moreover, includes a very useful bibliography from the pen of Mr. J. P. Anderson.

The "fine and large" edition of Ben Jonson's works which the Oxford University Press intends to give us will be welcome, obviously, to those who propose to give their nights and days to the study of "rare Ben." That the number of such students will ever be very great I take leave to doubt. It is true that currency has just been given to two editions "de luxe" of "The Alchemist"—one in this country and one in the United States; but enterprises of that kind have no bearing upon the general popularity (or the reverse) of any classic. For the average reader of Jonson there are the well-known three volumes in the Mermaid Series; these contain all the Jonson plays which can be said to be alive. Editions of the poet's lyric verse are not, curiously enough, numerous, and might well be increased. For those desirous to possess the "Works" within a moderate compass and at a moderate price, there is the three-volume issue—still obtainable, I believe—of the edition which Lieut.-Col. Cunningham based on that of William Gifford.

The prose introduction which Mr. Swinburne has written for the Collected Edition of his poems will assign to that edition a peculiar value, rendering it necessary that the edition should be acquired even by those who are so lucky as to own a complete set of his successive publications. I confess, however, that I should like to see something done for the popularising of Mr. Swinburne's poetry. The Collected Edition will probably be, in price, beyond the reach of the average book-buyer, and it is not absolutely certain that it will find its way into many of the Free Public Libraries. Apart from what those libraries contain—and I doubt if Mr. Swinburne is fully represented in any one of them—what chance has the ordinary young man of literary tastes of making acquaintance with Mr. Swinburne's poetical works? The volumes containing those works are all issued at a price absolutely prohibitory in the case of slender purses. The experiment of a cheap edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems (omitting his dramas) has, so far as my information goes, never been tried.

To be sure there is a volume of "Selections from the Poetical Works" of Mr. Swinburne, issued originally in 1887, and I believe, still on sale. But anything more inadequate for its purpose it would be difficult to conceive. It would be interesting to know by whom this selection was made. Should any other Selection be contemplated in future, the task of making it should be assigned to some independent critic, with a knowledge of the public's wants in this direction. I am quite sure that a Selection made on broad popular lines would be a pecuniary as well as an artistic success.

I notice in the list of the forthcoming "Dryden House Memoirs" the "Memoirs and Travels of Count de Benyowski." This work is by no means a rarity, seeing that it was reprinted by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1893. It was written by William Nicholson and first printed in 1790. It has more than a literary interest. Kotzebue based a drama upon it—"Count Benyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka"—and on that drama were based two plays in English, one which is attributed to Charles Kemble, and another which was put together by James Kenney and duly performed at Drury Lane. Kotzebue's drama was also twice translated into English—by the Rev. W. Render in 1798 and by Benjamin Thompson in 1800.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews

## "Fitz"

THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. By Thomas Wright. With 56 plates. 2 vols. (Grant Richards. 24s.)

NEXT to Lamb (whom he called "the dear fellow") FitzGerald, of all the literary men of the nineteenth century, ranks in the twentieth as the most popular, even the most loved. The reason is, perhaps, a little difficult to discover. Lamb was loved for his misfortunes; but FitzGerald had a sound mind (for all he spoke of "the FitzGerald madness") in a sound body, sound despite his "grisly abstinence" (as Tennyson called it) and his vegetable diet—the diet of worms. He had a balance at his bankers; and the first copies of his adaptation of "Omar Khayyam" might be hawked for a penny without leaving him a penny the foolisher. True he had not a successful first wooing; but this was a well-in-hand passion, for Caroline Crabbe "continued to be his friend"; and, when, at the age of fifty, he did marry Lucy Barton (with the same tale of years), only to go through a parting with her as inexplicable as the form of union, all is unexpected even to the absence of anything like tragedy on one side or the other. The parted couple continued to make kind inquiries after each other, Mr. Wright rather naively records to clear the air.

FitzGerald, then, has "no pageant of a bleeding heart" to draw men and women after him. That vaunt—it was almost a vaunt—about the family madness marked him off from Lamb, who had to endure the abominable thing, unmentionable because there—in the very room with him. Nor is the endearing quality of Lamb's literature to be found in FitzGerald's; he is not our mind's playmate; there is nothing of the "frolic and the gentle" in the verses, nor even in the letters. Greater men than Lamb or FitzGerald have less of our love; we do not make an intimate of Wordsworth, though his poetry is with us all our days. Not by right of suffering, not by supremacy of genius, FitzGerald yet rules. Perhaps some worship is given him—the paradox may be adventured—on account of his own refusal of worship for things unworthy, or even for things merely conventional. He never could have written Tennyson's letters to Queen Victoria; and it is something of a key to his character, and to its influence on his habits and manners, that, whereas Tennyson and he held very much the same creed, Tennyson's personality, in all memorials, is associated with abbey, crosses, a coronet, croziers and bishops-in-lawn; FitzGerald's with the Suffolk shore, the old boatman Posh (the "greatest of men"), his yachts, and the very titles of his yachts, a hundred simple and natural things, and, finally, a disappointment about a crematorium.

One suggestion remains: peradventure some of FitzGerald's hold on the young men who came after him was kin with that which religious leaders and teachers wield. The nineteenth century stands for perplexity in religion; and he, in verse of majesty, in verse that almost reared itself a cathedral ("architecture is frosted music," someone says), gave voice to that perplexity. The pot spake to the Potter by the mouth of FitzGerald, High Priest. Not Kingsley, not Maurice, not Newman himself—with his eye turned towards "those many young men, whether I know them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by thought or by deed"—had a flock of "acolytes" greater than this unconscious man, who never counted his people. He gave them their hymn. He put their question—flamboyant in form, but one in spirit with the line which devout Catholic poetry addresses to its Creator:—

Come to our ignorant hearts and be forgiven!

Yet we hesitate when we begin otherwise to estimate the influence of FitzGerald as a man of letters. We do

not find ourselves following Mr. Wright in all the opinions put forward in his two entertaining and sympathetic volumes. His is a book breezy with pleasant breezes, pleasant even when they blow you out of breath, as these now and again do.

It is curious to notice how, almost without demur, scholars have accepted his verdicts. There is a general tendency to regard his pronouncements on the authors who have stood at his bar as absolutely final. Where would Crabbe now be but for FitzGerald? He said "Admire this author," and men admire him, some of them, perhaps, making wry faces. He said: "Newton's 'Letters to a Wife' is a great book," and people echo that it is a great book. He saw little worth in Tennyson's later poems, and it is more than the critic dare do to see anything better in them than "The Lady of Shalott." He set up this idol and toppled down that. What a tyrant it is!

This is all a little too innocent. Take the following sentence from a letter of FitzGerald's to Lord Houghton and where lurks the final word of criticism?

I wonder Messrs. Browning, Morris, Rossetti, can read Keats's hastiest doggerel and not be ashamed at being trumpeted as great poets by the "Athenaeum" and elsewhere.

FitzGerald may persuade local enthusiasm to include Crabbe among great poets, but his preference for Keats's doggerel—the worst in the world—over the abiding work of Rossetti or of Browning must remain an eccentricity. Indeed instances could be multiplied to show what a very random critic FitzGerald commonly was. Not as a critic does he hold firm empire over the hearts of men.

Mr. Wright's volumes are packed with topics on which there is here no room to touch. Where there is so much it seems churlish to suggest there should be any more; but the notice of Lucy Barton-FitzGerald seems to be inadequate without the quotation of an article about her contributed to THE ACADEMY by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Wright's collocations want occasional mending, but his general style fits admirably with his vivacious treatment of his subject.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

## A Great Work

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Planned by Lord Acton; Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Vol. II.: The Reformation. (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)

THIS volume is a fresh reminder of how much England lost when Lord Acton died. It would have been greatly enriched by the chapter on the Council of Trent which he had intended to write. Even if one be not of the Ancient Faith, one would fain have in any account of the Reformation some sign of how that series of great episodes appeared to a Catholic so highly educated and so gifted as the scholar who planned the Cambridge History. As things are, one feels that the Catholic side of the subject may not have been quite adequately presented. For aught we know, some of the contributors may be of Lord Acton's faith; but, even if that be so, it can hardly be said that they have scope and verge enough. Although the Reformation, like all great changes, sprang from feelings common to many thousands of men rather than from the agitations of one man, or of two or three, it is prominently, and permanently, associated with the propositions of Martin Luther and of John Calvin; and these the Editors entrusted to the exposition of the Rev. T. M. Lindsay, Principal of the Glasgow College of the United Free Church of Scotland, and the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

Necessarily, then, it is the Protestant view of the Reformation that dominates this history. That is to say,



there are thousands of scholars by whom the work cannot be regarded as the last word on the subject. We make this point, however, not in order to depreciate the value of the work, but rather to explain one of the difficulties under which the writing of history must always labour. Who could be a perfectly judicial appraiser of the Reformation? Probably no such person lives. Even as the Protestant is biased the Papist would be biased also; while the Agnostic would be a judge equally open to question, inasmuch as his theory of the universe raises in him what may be an unfounded distrust of all interpretations of Christianity whatsoever. Still, whilst, from the very nature of man, all histories involving religious disputations must be prejudiced, some are less so than others; and on the whole the writers of this volume are as fair-minded as it is in mortal man to be. Here and there, perhaps, Dr. Fairbairn, in his ardour, forgets that he is a judge, not an advocate: as when, for example, he remarks of Calvin that "there is nothing more pathetic in the literature of the period than his hesitations and fears" when recalled to Geneva, where, at the instigation of his teaching, a man had been put in the pillory for card-playing and a hire-woman and a mother and bridesmaids had been arrested for having adorned a bride too gaily: but as a rule one does not feel, on reading any of the seven hundred pages of this work, that the history is a partisan performance.

On the contrary, one is astonished to find, even in the chapters written by professional Protestants, what a very great deal of cogent reasoning Catholic dialecticians had, and still have, to present. Besides the portions alluded to, there are chapters which, between them, overtake all the countries that were affected by the revolt from the Papacy and by the romantic movement in literature. Medicean Rome is dealt with by the late Professor F. X. Kraus; Hapsburg and Valois, and Poland, by Mr. Stanley Leathes; the national opposition of Germany to Rome, the social revolution and the Catholic reaction in Germany, the conflict of creeds and parties there, and the religious war, as well as the Reformation in England under Edward VI., by Mr. A. F. Pollard; the Reformation in France, by Mr. A. A. Tilley; the Helvetic Reformation, by the Rev. J. P. Whitney; the Catholic South, by the Rev. W. E. Collins; Henry VIII., by Mr. James Gairdner; Philip and Mary, by Mr. James Bass Mullinger; the Anglican Settlement and the Scottish Reformation, by Dr. F. W. Maitland; Scandinavia, by the Rev. W. E. Collins; the Church and Reform, by Mr. R. V. Laurence. It will thus be seen that the subject has received categorical and comprehensive treatment. The only chapter which strikes us as being cramped or incomplete is the closing one, on the Tendencies of European Thought in the Age of the Reformation. Probably that is because the writer, our facile Dr. Fairbairn, was very narrowly limited as to space. So is the present reviewer; yet three more lines must be seized in order to express very high appreciation of the style of this instalment of the Cambridge History. At a time when so much writing is ecstatic, or "smart," or otherwise slipshod, the simplicity, accuracy, and strength of the style in which the historians have presented their learning and their thoughts are an invigorating delight.

W. EARL HODGSON.

### Jeremy Chrysostom

JEREMY TAYLOR. By Edmund Gosse. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

THIS contribution to the "English Men of Letters" series is a worthy monument to one of the greatest of Anglican divines. Bishop Rust's funeral sermon, Heber's memoir prefixed to the collected edition of Taylor's works, afterwards revised and annotated by the Rev. C. P. Eden, and the Rev. R. A. Willmott's history of Taylor and the

English Church in the seventeenth century are the inadequate attempts to supply the gap in the personal records of the Anglican Church which in this volume Mr. Gosse has, we think, finally filled.

He approaches his subject in a frame of mind at once sympathetic and detached, as a man of letters, not as a theologian. One dare not think of the kind of polemical pamphlet that he might have made of the matter, and of the way in which the human interest of the subject might easily have been swamped in apologies of auricular confession, or the real presence or the real absence, or the divine right of bishops, or in denunciations of the Pope. It is rightly with his present biographer a small matter what precise shade of opinion was held by Taylor of the varieties that still fight for predominance in the Established Church, and a matter of vast importance that he contributed greatly to the building up of the English language and added an imperishable treasure to its literature. His character is of greater interest than the policy of which he was an instrument; his quiet days of retreat among the Welsh mountains than the few and evil years he spent in the endeavour to force upon Presbyterian Ulster the yoke of a detested episcopacy.

It was in Wales, in the retreat furnished for him by Lord Corbery during the years that followed the failure of the King's cause and the rule of the Protector, that he gained at once the knowledge of the intimate life of men and women and the discrete sympathy with nature that transformed him from the mere pedant of the "Liberty of Prophesying" to the clairvoyant of "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." This was the season during which he learned to look for the illustrations that studded and bejewelled those homilies that even now men read and marvel at, beyond the shelves of his library into the fields, the river and the sky. His was a genius that fed on pictures and impressions. For example:—

He writes with extraordinary happiness about light and water. Nothing would be easier, if we had the space, than to produce an anthology from his works, and confine it scrupulously to those two themes. He is quick, beyond any other man then living, in observing the effects of flashes of lightning in a dark room, of beams of the sun breaking through the vapour of rain, and divided by it into sheaves of rays, of wax candles burning in the sunshine, of different qualities of beautiful radiance in the eyes of a woman, of a child, of a hawk. Light escaping from, or dispersed by, or streaming through, a cloud, is incessantly interesting to him. But perhaps it is in all the forms of water that he most delights: water bubbling up through turf, or standing in drops on stone, or racing down a country lane; the motion and whisper of little wandering rivulets; the "purl of a spring that sweats through the bottom of a bank, and intemperates the stubborn pavement till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot." He seems to have been for ever watching the eddies of the Towy and the windings and bubbleings of its tributaries, and the music of those erratic waters passed into his speech.

The end of his life was in sufficiently striking contrast with its opening years. Then he had suffered hunger and thirst for the Church; even bonds and imprisonment. He had been the centre of a circle of admirers among the shining lights of his day and of his country. The night closed in amidst an unwilling flock, upon whom, with a staff of alien hirelings, he had been forced by a high-handed ill-advised Government. The young Fellow of All Souls in his "Liberty of Prophesying" had gone dangerously far ahead of his age in his advocacy of general tolerance; the Bishop of Down and Connor preached the gospel of episcopacy at push of pike. He felt, as no other man perhaps of his contemporaries would have felt, the bitterness of the task: he begged more than once to be released from it. But the Government, if wise in nothing else, at any rate justly reckoned that in the eloquence, the devotion and the personal charm of their ecclesiastical representative they had instruments upon which, if upon

any, they might rely for the issue. And so, cut off from those of his valued friends who still survived, it was his lot to die, as indeed in some sense he had for the most part lived, in exile.

### Worth While ?

SONGS ASCRIBED TO RAFTERY: being his Fifth Chapter and his Songs of Connaught, now for the first time collected, edited, and translated. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. (Dublin: Gill & Co. 3s. 6d.)

WE yield to no man in our admiration of Dr. Douglas Hyde as a poet and man of letters. As a poet, it is but little to say of him that his metrical adaptations of songs and stories are often very much better worth attending to than the translations of the Gaelic rhymesters whose verses he so sedulously collects. As a man of letters, he has not merely done useful work in his "Literary History of Ireland," but by his heroic insistence on the merits of the minstrelsy of the Irish provinces, more particularly of Connaught, and his zeal in publishing its remains, he has enabled the enthusiast and the blasphemer alike to say with equal knowledge both what these remnants of popular Gaelic poetry are, and what they are not, worth.

Our quarrel with Dr. Hyde—for in spite of our admiration we have a quarrel with him—is neither as poet nor man of letters, but as editor and annotator. Since he chooses to narrow his mind to the lower office, he must be content to be judged by the lowlier but withal more exacting standard applicable to his choice. We may think that so much of Raftery's work as was really worth printing has already been sufficiently illustrated by the "Aithreachas" of the blind musician of Mayo, already published in Dr. Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connaught," and that what is now added has no particular merit. But that is not our point at present. Our objection is twofold. It is, firstly, that the poems are in many cases not Raftery's, and cannot be even reasonably ascribed to him; and, secondly, that the notes and illustrations supplied by the editor are in many cases historically inaccurate. We will give some illustrations of our meaning. As to the first point of our objection:—there is a poem in the book called "The Drowning of Annach Doon," page 147. It describes the capsizing of an old boat with a number of people on board on its way to the fair of Galway in 1828. We say nothing of the merit of the verses in their English form; and we do not understand the Irish. But here is Dr. Hyde's account of the origin of the version he prints: "Raftery said that he would leave a remembrance for ever on the story, and he put it into verses. I got the greater part of these verses from Frank O'Connor, who heard them from an old woman who was born in Annaghdown herself, and who well remembered how the misfortune came about, and some more from a blind man near Tuam. Comyn had them by heart, too, and there are some of them in the manuscript in the (Royal Irish) Academy. I put it together as well as I was able, but it is greatly mixed up, and the order in which I have placed the verses is only conjectural. One or two of the verses come in twice under a different dress, as different people had them, but I did not like to leave them out. It is certain that it did not come from Raftery's mouth as it stands now, but that it was more neatly shaped." One admires Dr. Hyde's candour, enthusiasm and loyalty to his author. But is it not obvious that we have more of Hyde than of Raftery in the poem?

The verses entitled "The Whiteboys," page 195, refer to a once eminent and unpopular personage in the West of Ireland, the Hon. Denis Browne (not, as Dr. Hyde spells it, Brown), who was High Sheriff of co. Mayo in the year when the well-known desperado, "Fighting FitzGerald," was hanged. Dr. Hyde writes as follows: "Denis Brown is not forgotten in the county Mayo yet.

He was High Sheriff over the unfortunate county in the 'year of the French.' . . . He hanged his enemy FitzGerald. The rope broke and FitzGerald fell to the ground. He opened his eyes, looked round and said, 'I am saved.' 'You are not,' said Denis Brown, 'if there is another rope to be had in the county of Mayo!' and he hanged him again. It was small wonder that the people detested him." This is picturesque; but it is mostly apocryphal. Denis Browne was High Sheriff in the year FitzGerald—the nephew of an English peer—was hanged for a savage murder. And the rope broke at the executioner's first attempt. But the other details have no foundation. The story of FitzGerald's romantic life and tragic death has been twice told. First with fullness and sympathy by the author of "Legends of Connaught," a book published as long ago as 1839; and, secondly, in a careful article in the "Dublin University Magazine." There is no warrant in either narrative for Dr. Hyde's statement. On the contrary the writer goes out of his way to refute in a note the popular rumour that the Sheriff had a reprieve for his prisoner in his pocket at the moment of his execution.

Our last example of Dr. Hyde's editorial inaccuracy shall be neither critical nor historical, but etymological. It is surprising to find Dr. Hyde astray in this field. He notes at page i., "The Irish for Dublin is Bally Atheliath." This is not the case, except in the sense in which it would be true to say that the Scotch for Edinburgh is "Auld Reekie." Atheliath—"the ford of the hurdles"—is the old name for the point at which the Liffey was crossed in pre-Danish times, before any town had been built. And Dublin is referred to in the annals of the Four Masters for the year 795 A.D. as Bally-Atheliath. But Dublin is, literally, Dubh (black) linn (pool or pond), and signifies the inlet formed by the junction of the Liffey with its tributary, the Poddle, which in old days formed the harbour of Dublin.

### Couleur de Russe

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE. By Albert J. Beveridge. (Harper. 10s. 6d.)

MR. BEVERIDGE has had a great opportunity and has made very little of it. As an American, he was given a chance of seeing Russian methods as they are, of accumulating materials for a book on the Asiatic advance of Russia with the assistance of officials, and of bringing an impartial judgment to bear on the facts. For Russia is governed by a bureaucracy and the bureaucracy by traditions. One of these traditions, formulated in the time of Nicholas I., if not before, is that the United States are to be encouraged and favoured as a counterpoise to the traditional enemy, Great Britain. This tradition is out of date now that the two Anglo-Saxon Powers are one in maintaining the policy of the "open door" in Manchuria, and resisting the monopolising and encroaching methods of Russia. Even a bureaucracy changes with the times, and it is probable that the next American who travels over Siberia and the Russian Far East will not be allowed to see so much as Mr. Beveridge saw, or could have seen if he had chosen.

He saw and has described very much; and his book is therefore interesting. But he seems to have seen very little for himself, and to have refrained from exercising his own judgment. He saw what the Russian officials showed him, and he has repeated what they told him. Further, he has a very slovenly literary style. He splits his infinitives more often than not and his grammar is casual in the extreme. He stars his pedestrian journalistic manner with patches of "fine writing" of the American newspaper pattern. To sum up the character of his book, he had the chance of being an observer and a judge, and has chosen to be a phonograph.



For all that, his work is worth reading. It contains a good many facts that may help us to understand the ideals of the Russian officials and soldiers in their gigantic visionary plan of making all Asia Russian. Mr. Beveridge has been brought into contact with Pobyedonostseff, Tolstoi, Witte, Admiral Alexeieff, and other great men of modern Russia, and he has faithfully reproduced their views and aims. It is, indeed, rather amusing to listen to Pobyedonostseff's eulogies of autocracy. He, above all men, must know how the gilded weathercock that crowns the social edifice of Russia is blown about by ministerial gales. But the Procurator of the Holy Synod admired "the late Charles A. Dana, of the New York 'Sun'," and so must be taken with due seriousness.

A characteristic instance of Mr. Beveridge's passive mental attitude may be seen in the chapter called "The Red Day of Blagovestchensk," most of which, by the way, has nothing to do with that famous massacre. Mr. Beveridge makes a great parade of impartial inquiry, and then reports the events of the "Red Day" in the baldest outline, which Russophobe and Russophil alike would accept, except, perhaps, in his estimate of the number of unarmed Chinese driven by the Cossacks into the Amur. His excuse for the butchery is, practically, that the Russian inhabitants of Blagovestchensk were in a state of panic terror owing to the "Boxer" rising and the ineffectual fire opened by the Chinese across the river. Their fear made them cruel, and that is Mr. Beveridge's justification or palliation of the massacre. "Call you that backing of your friends?"

Perhaps Mr. Beveridge's style of reasoning may be best exemplified by a brief passage on the Ussuri district. "A curious phenomenon has occurred in this region. On the advent of the Russian, it was occupied by Chinese agriculturists. These were driven out, not by force, but as an inferior race naturally disappears before a superior people. And yet within the last few years the Chinese farmer has been re-invading the Ussuri littoral—very humbly, modestly, inconspicuously, it is true." And the author refers to "the well-grounded fear that he" (the Chinaman) "will in time, by his thrift and more intelligent industry, oust the Russian farmer." In that case I suppose Mr. Beveridge would regard the change as an instance of a superior race naturally disappearing before an inferior people.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

IDÉES VIVANTES. Camille Maclair. (Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne.)

THE space of a "Quarterly" article would scarcely suffice to do justice to the ideas set forth in this book of essays. M. Maclair discusses the sculpture of Rodin, Eugène Carrière and the psychology of mystery, classicism and academism, the religion of the orchestra, the scientific spirit and contemporary letters, the identity and fusion of the arts. We propose here only to say a few words about the two last. Certain French scientists, chiefly the great chemists, declare that science is slowly but surely gaining the moral and material direction of society. M. Maclair does not entirely support that view, but he believes that literature should regard the new scientific spirit with sympathy, that it is the task of men of letters to transpose into the domain of expression the new ideas of scientific symbolism, and instances the authors J.-H. Rosny as those who have profited most by science. Science should be considered the natural ally of letters; instead of antagonism there should be agreement between them. In fact literature should go out to meet the knowledge that reconciles aesthetics, metaphysics and ethics. Since newspapers and the pseudo-literary press have paralysed the influence of books of real worth, and no one now reads a deep or serious book, literature has nothing to oppose to the careful and methodical organisation of science;

instead, then, of beating it back from her gates, she should arise and welcome it in. Up to a certain point M. Maclair is right, perhaps, but to us it seems that though an art may be influenced by science, it can never under any circumstances submit to the same sorts of rules that prevail in the sciences. Inspiration and experiment do not hang together. M. Maclair very cleverly tries to show the relations between the theory of the solar spectrum and the impressionism of Claude Monet, but, all the same, we feel sure that had the theory of the solar spectrum never been discovered we should still have had Monet's paintings.

In the last essay he seeks to prove that the identity of the arts is not necessarily the fusion of the arts. Wagner attempted the fusion of the arts in his music-dramas, but without success, for, admirable as is the principle, it is not to be realised. The arts are identical in so far as the sensations they impart are equivalent: the bronze and the colours are no more sculpture and painting than the score and the book are music and poetry. Baudelaire, Beethoven, Donatello, Rembrandt, each use a particular sign by which they give expression to their ideas. M. Maclair concludes with the conviction that it is the duty of the critic to teach us each time we contemplate a particular work of art how it is identical with the other arts. And that reflection leads him to animadvert on the decadence of contemporary criticism which has sunk to the level of a trade advertisement. The critic, he considers, is in no way inferior to the creator. The ideal critic is a man who knows, who is acquainted with all the arts, all the sciences, and yet a man who can still say to himself, "I shall learn." To criticise rightly is to understand rightly, and to understand rightly is to love greatly. But until the semi-commercial criticism which is the order of the day falls into disrepute, that ideal is, M. Maclair fears, unlikely to be realised.

AN ANGLER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Frederic M. Halford. With an introduction by William Senior. (Vinton & Co. 21s. net.)

MEMORIES of halcyon days will crowd upon the mind of every fisherman who reads the *apologia pro vita sua* with which "Detached Badger" has completed his "Dry Fly Series." Mr. Halford has erected to himself a monument more enduring than bronze in this masterly tetrad. "Dry Fly Entomology" established his reputation as a scientific observer. In "Dry Fly Fishing" he became the patient and kindly teacher of the most advanced school. "Making a Fishery" showed him as a practical pisciculturist. But great as was the debt under which he had placed the angling world by these contributions to its literature, this volume of reminiscences was demanded with its universal voice. "An Angler's Autobiography" is the most engrossing work that has been added to the angler's library since Francis Francis wrote his immortal "Book on Angling." It is a record—a homely and modest record withal—of the triumphs of the dry fly. A diorama of scenes from the banks of the Test, the Itchen, the Kennet, made the more vivid by photogravure reproduction of photographs, for the most part by Major Cooke Daniels, himself a famous fisherman, passes before our eyes, recalling to most of us memories of days when the victory remained for the most part with the finny Trojans of those famous streams. There is a grim satisfaction to anyone who has essayed the hopeless task of beguiling "travellers" on the Itchen, in reading of contests when heavy toll was taken of them by these masters of the craft. Not that these records are by any means all *couleur de rose*. Now and again we read of days when not even the most perfect patterns were of any avail, of days when fish after fish was missed or lost, a comforting reminder that even masters are mortal, and an example of veracity which fishermen would do well to emulate. Mr. Halford

pays a loving tribute to the memory of, perhaps, the greatest fisherman who ever lived, George Selwyn Marryat, the stories of whose prowess read like a fairy tale to all but those who have had the privilege of seeing for themselves his marvellous watercraft. Mr. Halford is perhaps a *laudator temporis acti* in his memories of fishermen and fishings, but while he mourns the loss of so many good men and true and the decline of so many streams, he does not preach a gospel of despair. He is accused of being a purist, but that there is sound sense in his most advanced theories can hardly be denied in the face of the proofs he adduces. Education has not advanced merely among men. The trout of to-day, taught by hereditary traditions, trained by, it may be, painful experience from their babyhood, exact a degree of skill and a nicety of method not dreamt of twenty years ago. But the tyro need not despair. Mr. Halford's story of his first perch and his sea-fishing days—he used a sea-rod in 1864, surely here, too, a pioneer?—may give heart of grace to the humblest votary. "An Angler's Autobiography" is a classic.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

TWO CENTURIES OF COSTUME IN AMERICA. By Alice Morse Earle. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

MRS. EARLE has made a close study of her subject, not only in America, but in England during the two centuries covered by her research. The book traces carefully the changes in costume from the ruffs, jewelled robes and farthingales of Queen Elizabeth, the stays, stiffened waists and stuffed breeches of her courtiers, through the pseudo-classical scantiness of the Empire period. To those interested in technical detail the book is a treasure house of obsolete fashions and quaint phraseology, descriptive of the customs, habits and whims of our forbears. We have the evolution of French hoods and steeple crown hats, the adoption by women "of doublets and jerkins as men have buttoned up the brest, and made with Wings, Welts and Pinions on shoulder points as men's apparel is for all the world, and though this be a kind of attire appropriate only to man, yet they blush not to wear it." We learn of the glamour of lace "whisks," the amplitude of "virago sleeves" and the social elegance of "night rails." From contemporary journals we have descriptions and enumerations of wardrobes to rival the pages of that small-souled, keen-eyed diarist Pepys, and from sermons and sumptuary laws learn the proneness of woman nature to succumb to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, albeit fortified by the faith of Puritans, Saints or Quakers. The book, so crowded with detail, is saved from dullness by Mrs. Earle's wide historic outlook and by her sympathy with the human dramas of the wearers—long since dust—of "sarnes," "potto-foo petticoats" and "yellow lace doulas."

Mrs. Earle begins with the dress of American Puritans, which she finds less stamped by austerity than is popularly accepted, the vagaries of fanatics having been oftener reproduced than the sensible Colonial dress, which was that of prevailing English modes adapted to the demands of a more rigorous climate. In the modification of dress from the exaggerated forms and extravagant costliness of Tudor times to the grace and harmony which characterised the costumes both of the Cavaliers and ladies of the court of Charles I., the author recognises the influence of Van Dyck. At the time of protest against the cumbersome unsightliness of inherited modes, the artist gave creative touch to the costumes of his courtly sitters. Fashions crossed quickly from the Mother Country, and the aristocratic Governors of the Colonies kept up a semi-regal state. The "sad coloured" raiment of the Puritans allowed, according to the author, many æsthetic tints—dull green, dead-leaf, and orange; and scarlet hooded

cloaks flashed colour across the sombre seemliness of Puritan congregations. The portraits reproduced bear out the claim for a sense of beauty and a recognition of fashion not only among Colonial dames, but on the part of governors, soldiers, and statesmen. Even the Reverend Cotton Mather, the typical Puritan gospeller, appears in full, flowing robe, and elegant curled periwig. The letters, both from New England and Virginia, written to friends in England, evince an ardent interest in the changes of fashion, and even Quaker caps, bonnets, and shawls, attested, in slight variations of form or folding, feminine allegiance to the sway of style.

Following out her theory that dress is a symbol language of the age, the author finds the stamp of Hanoverian dullness on the costumes and social usages of both Mother Country and the Colonies during the reign of the Georges. The American Revolution, in rousing protest and patriotic enthusiasm, influenced the mode towards a national independence and self-expression, as witness the graduation of the Harvard class in 1768 in home-spun, home-made suits, that "they might take their degree dressed in the manufactures of the country."

Space forbids following out the subject through the violent changes wrought by the French Revolution in efforts to obliterate class distinctions in dress, and the reactionary affectations of the Empire. The charm of the book is in its sense, through mask and fan and sword-knot, of human life and love; love frailer than the bride's veil centuries folded in the cedar chest, love more evanescent than the scent of musk which lingers faintly sweet in the bride's yellowing brocade.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESNEY.

ENGLISH AND INDIAN LAW OF TORTS. By Ratanlal Ranchhoddas and Dhirajlal Keshavlal. Second Edition. (The Bombay Law Reporter Office. 9s. net.)

THIS book claims notice for more than one reason. In itself it appears to be an excellent treatise on the subject; as carefully compiled and clearly expressed as might be expected from an English text-book writer. But, as a matter of fact, we believe that neither of the joint authors has even visited this country. Their familiarity with the language and their knowledge of the law have both been acquired at Bombay. They belong to that class of native practitioners of whom little is known in England, who rise to large practise in the Indian Courts, and not infrequently to a seat on the bench, without ever attempting to qualify as barristers at an Inn of Court. Their proper title is that of *vakil*, which comprises the humblest lawyer in rural practice and the High Court advocate who earns an income estimated in lakhs of rupees. They have taken the fullest advantage of the educational system in India, and of the field opened to them by the impartial administration of justice. In other professions, including Government Service, Indians had for the most part failed to realise the expectations that have been formed of their character and ability. But in law they find a subject adapted to the subtlety of their minds, and it is only just to add that no suspicion has been breathed against their integrity on the bench. The three Hindu judges who have successively sat in the Bombay High Court—Telang, Ranadé, and Chandavarkar—have been alike distinguished for legal acumen, general scholarship, and force of character. But to return to the subject immediately before us. The English law of torts, or civil wrongs, being based upon general principles, but little modified by statutory enactments, has been adopted in India almost in its entirety. It is, however, interesting to observe that in certain cases the rigour of the common law has not been followed. Two examples may be given. From very early days English judges have laid down the doctrine that "tort merges in felony," which is interpreted to mean that a party wronged by a crime cannot sue for damages



in a civil action until public justice has been vindicated by prosecution of the criminal. The High Courts of Madras and Bombay have refused to accept this hard doctrine. So, again, with the maxim of English law that no right exists to undisturbed privacy, so as to prevent a neighbour from opening a new window looking into another's courtyard. Indian judges have allowed such an easement to arise from local custom, founded on the Oriental seclusion of women. Finally, we may quote the headnote of a case which is eminently characteristic of Indian litigation: "Where the plaintiff enjoyed the exclusive right of breaking a curd-pot in a temple on a certain day it was held that the breaking of another curd-pot in that temple on the same day by the defendant was a violation of right entitling the plaintiff to damages."

WAITING UPON GOD. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D.  
Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D. (T. and T. Clark. 6s.)

THE sermons of the late Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh differ widely from the type most generally represented by the volumes sent to us for review. The tendency of the modern preacher is more and more to give voice to the *communis sententia* that floats in the air of the time. He is popular in proportion as he is able articulately to express what the regular churchgoer of his persuasion has vaguely felt, and as he is more or less successful in adducing reasons to support it. The Bible is no longer to the average British citizen the treasury of the Divine oracles. The august traditions of the Hebrew patriarchs are a cheap and easy jest to the music hall. The popular preacher appeals to them, if at all, only by way of illustration. Dr. Davidson approached the Scriptures in another spirit. He was before everything else an exegete. He was not unaware of the progress of the world; modern thought was familiar to him, and it is a matter of course that he had read the modern books. But he possessed in a wonderful way the power of detachment and almost of voluntary isolation; there is nothing about him of that elusive quality, which in a man's own day counts for so much and for so little with posterity, which has been examined under the title of "modernity." A man who lived his life in an atmosphere of criticism, he preserved intact a reverence that would have seemed more natural in one of an earlier generation. His spirit is the spirit of an Augustine or an Aquinas alike in the unfaltering faith which accepts and in the devout concentration which examines and deduces. These sermons are for the most part upon subjects taken from the New Testament; Isaiah and Job also furnish texts. The sermon on "The Power of Christ's Resurrection" gives the reader an insight into his view of Pauline Theology, and that on the Apocalypse is remarkable both in grasp and content. The style of the sermons is simple and scholarly, but they demand of the reader a close attention.

## Fiction

MONSIGNY. By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock. 6s.) In his latest book this popular American writer has placed the action of the story, or should we say play, in a beautiful old chateau near Versailles. If it were a play, and it reads very like one, we should praise the mounting of the piece: it is pretty and graceful. But the play itself is none of the best, sometimes the action of the piece is almost unintelligible, and the actors conduct themselves with little reason and less sense. The attractive heiress, Isabeau de Monsigny, the most beautiful woman in Europe, is the daughter of an English viscount by a French wife. At twenty Isabeau has "an endowment of beauty probably as extraordinary as any woman in Europe could boast, and with a knowledge of the world—or at least such aspects of the polite world—as a girl may safely see." Naturally, she is not long without a lover, who appears in the person of an Englishman, once the co-respondent in a famous divorce case. He is invited to the chateau and there

meets as a fellow guest the woman who figures in the divorce case, now living under an assumed name and anxious to marry Isabeau's widowed father. Then the action of the play commences, and for motives we have love and jealousy. The motives are sometimes rather mixed and some of the scenes are not well knit together, but the action moves along briskly with frequent "curtains." We are sure from the beginning that the nice Englishman will emerge without a stain on his character, which proves to be the case. "Where is the 'tristesse' that hung over Monsigny?" "Oh! gone, my queen, gone, gone." Here the final curtain falls, and the author meets with a mixed reception when responding to his "call."

A CANADIAN GIRL. By Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard. (Long. 6s.) The book opens with the burning of St. John, New Brunswick, in which the heroine, Phyllis Frere, loses her father and with him their affluent living. Henceforth she is the poor but pretty heroine, and her adventures are many. She is courted and loved by a millionaire, who is coveted by her girl friend, a handsome unscrupulous French-Canadian with a taint of Negro blood in her veins. The latter tricks him into marriage and the desertion of the poor but pretty Phyllis. The heroine, bereaved of her mother by death and her lover by perfidy, becomes a ballet girl in New York. The reader will by this time guess that by an accident which happens to the bright particular star of the piece, Phyllis, at a moment's notice, takes her part with immense success. Jewels are thrown into her lap, cheques arrive by every post, and she lives in a veritable bower of bouquets. Then it is that she meets the unfaithful lover, who by this time has realised the trick played by his wife, and explanations ensue. Intrigue follows intrigue, everybody is more or less entangled, and the tangle can only be straightened by the death of several of the principal characters. Lovers of incident will revel in this very melodramatic novel; it is long, but it will not be too long for them, for every chapter has its surprise, most of the characters come to unexpected ends, and in the conclusion the game is won by "The Odd Trick."

FAMILIE P. C. BEHM. Roman von Ottomar Enking. (Dresden: Reissner. 6 m.) While Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl" circulates by thousands Enking's novel attracts probably only some hundreds of readers. And yet the latter possesses some qualities entirely lacking in the former. Enking is less diffuse, and he understands the art of selection far better than Frenssen does. The *milieu* is much the same, Frenssen depicting the tillers of the gound, Enking the toilers in the small towns of Schleswig-Holstein. The main figure is a girl, Anna Behm, the daughter of commonplace parents. Anna unhappily possesses an individuality of her own, and yet is without the strength that would enable her to break away from her narrow home. The family history and circumstances are inextricably mingled with her strivings after free development, they prove too strong for her, and that way lies the tragedy of her life. Her old father, P. C. Behm, had been a peddler, and now, too old to bear the fatigue, had set up a little shop which was looked after by his wife, Anna doing the necessary housework. Frau Behm was devoted to her husband and her children; her one desire was to make them all as materially comfortable as the scanty income would allow. P. C. Behm employs his leisure in indulging his patriotic strivings; he founds a society for the purpose of raising Koggenstedt, his native village, into an important seaport, and to that end begins to write an interminable letter to the Emperor, parts of which he reads aloud to his friends whenever he gets the chance. There is a delightful Pickwickian vein about this. Bernhard, the son, is a small assistant in the post-office, and is the type of the subaltern, absolutely contented with himself, taking a purely philistine joy in life. In such surroundings Anna grows up. She becomes acquainted through her brother with Dr. Körting, a young physician, who seems to her a denizen of another world. They fall in love in somewhat idyllic fashion and Anna develops fast under Körting's refining influence. Their intercourse—on the ice in the skating season, and later in the pleasant spring time, with the stolen steamer excursion—is delightfully described. But all is spoiled when Körting unwillingly accepts an invitation to spend an evening with the family of his betrothed. The scene is full of humour and of the pathos that ever lies near true humour. Poor Anna suffers terribly from the conjunction of Körting and her people, and oppressed by them she appears to Körting an entirely different creature from the girl with whom he skated on the ice or walked the country lanes. With their separation ends the first and best part of the book. Things then go from bad to worse. Anna marries a worthless man whose fraudulent speculations bring the whole family to ruin: he decamps, the old people do not long outlive the disgrace of bankruptcy, Anna attempts suicide, but is not of those who succeed even there, and, crippled for life, carries on as best she can her mother's little shop. Put thus briefly, the story amounts to little enough, but Enking's sincerity and humour, his

simple narrative style, make the characters live, and they haunt us with a strange persistency long after we have laid aside the book. The tendency of the later chapters is undoubtedly pessimistic, but it is not the pessimism of the problem-monger, it is rather the pessimism of a lover of mankind who at the same time realises how hard a thing it is for the average man or woman to burst the iron bands of circumstance.

## Short Notices

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University. (Philadelphia and London: Lippincott. 10s. 6d. net.) The title of this work is, as the author owns, rather pretentious, and he is careful to state in his preface that it is due to his publishers. What he means by "true" is "fair," and he has striven to enter into the feelings of the combatants on political or military fields of battle, and present each side of the case rather than the frigid judgment of a neutral. This is a method which enables the reader to understand the importance once attached to particular events and disputes far better than if these were presented as they appear now to cool and unbiassed observers. Dr. Lee has quoted a good deal—for the size of his book a great deal—from speeches, pamphlets, newspapers, and other contemporary material. This is a good way of making his work "true" in the sense of rightly reflecting the state of opinion at the time of which he writes; it is a very bad way of compiling a "true" history in the sense of accuracy. His book can claim no higher credit than being an unprejudiced and interesting popular sketch of a great epoch. The military part of the story is the most defective. The account of the fall of Fort Donelson is given as if it was due entirely to an assault planned by General Grant. "Had Floyd made a sally before Grant strengthened his thin line . . . it might have been successful," Dr. Lee writes. Floyd *did* make a sally, and it *was* successful, and the Confederate force might have escaped; but no preparations had been made for evacuating the fort, or rather entrenched camp of Donelson, and Grant was allowed to re-occupy his lines and restore the investment, having meanwhile broken through the Confederate earthworks by a counter-attack at a weak point. Dr. Lee quotes a spirited description of this attack, but never mentions the early Confederate success of the day, which had been gained by stripping the fort of defenders. The illustrations in the volume, chiefly portraits of leading men in the conflict, are well reproduced. The maps are less satisfactory, as they try to show too much on a small scale. There is one rather curious insertion of a picture of the "Battle of the Crater," the murderous and mismanaged assault on Lee's lines at Petersburg, made on July 30, 1864, after exploding a mine. Dr. Lee does not mention this affair at all in his text.

CENTRAL ASIA AND TIBET: Towards the Holy City of Lassa. By Sven Hedin. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. 2 vols. 42s. net.) Four times has Sven Hedin penetrated to the interior of Asia, and this, the record of his last journey, which began on Midsummer Day, 1899, and terminated on June 27, 1902, is, in its way, the crowning point of his adventurous career. Previous Central Asian and Thibetan travellers (with two notable exceptions) have told us in their subsequently published books strange tales of hardships, stress, and hair-breadth escapes, which stretched the imagination to the verge of incredulity. Sven Hedin tells a plainer tale with no literary adornment, little or no attempt at picturesque description, and only sufficient word-painting as came naturally to a man of culture recording strange sights and little-known peoples. He had his adventures too, some of them of a decidedly drastic character, but his infallible good luck, his tried experience as an explorer, and his ready resource enabled him to return safely to Europe with his notes, sketches, maps, and invaluable store of interesting information intact. These two solid heavy volumes are enriched with 420 illustrations from drawings and photographs; eight full-page coloured illustrations from paintings, and five maps, mostly by the author. The maps in themselves are a storehouse of new facts about almost unknown districts, such as Tibet and Eastern Turkestan, the Tarim river, and the Taklamakan desert. The illustrations throughout are excellently reproduced, the coloured ones in particular (an idyllic journey down the Tarim, for instance) having considerable beauty and refinement. The work, in so far as the English and American editions are concerned, is dedicated to the Viceroy of India, to whom, as well as to King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who "with his accustomed generosity and enlightenment made possible the inception of the undertaking," and the Czar of Russia, the author offers his thanks for assistance "such as money alone could

not repay." The translation of the book by Mr. J. T. Bealby, who also translated Sven Hedin's "Through Asia," is a model of what a translation should be, a thoroughly sound piece of work.

MEMOIRS OF Mlle. DES ÉCHEROLLES; being Side-lights on the Reign of Terror. Translated from the French by Marie Clothilde Balfour, with an introduction by George K. Fortescue. (John Lane. 5s. net.) The first edition of this book was published in 1843, under the title "Quelques Années de ma Vie pas Alexandrine des Écherolles." It was republished in 1879 and re-christened "Une Famille noble sous la Terreur," which is fully descriptive of the matter, but conveys no idea of the unconventionality and convincing simplicity of the style. The story of the French Revolution is told by a passive and unwilling actor therein, who was also very nearly a victim. Mademoiselle des Écherolles was only a girl of thirteen at the beginning of the Revolution, but her perception was acute, her education excellent, and her memory marvellous. She was one of the few persons capable of describing what they saw, who witnessed the whole of the revolutionary torrent which swept over Lyons, from the murder of the officers of the Royal Polish Regiment in September 1792 to the end of the period of judicial murder in the spring of 1794. Lamartine said that we owe to the pen of this authoress "some of the most dramatic and touching episodes of the siege." She herself writes: "I can only tell what I myself saw or heard, without attempting to thread the mazes of politics, which were beyond my age and understanding. I relate the effects, though I was ignorant of their causes." The translation by Miss Balfour is fluent, simple, and artistic. It could not be better done.

ARCHIV FÜR REFORMATIONSGESCHICHTE. TEXTE UND UNTERSUCHUNGEN. Herausgegeben von Walter Friedensburg. 1 Jahrgang. Heft 1. No. 1. (Berlin: Schwetschke. 4m. 40pf.) This is the first number of a new serial publication issued in connection with the Society for the History of the Reformation. Its purpose is to print the text of documents relating to that period which are not easily accessible, to publish the results of critical research by qualified scholars, and to give general information as to what is being done in the way of research and criticism in this particular department of historical study. The number before us contains two papers: the first, by P. Kalkoff, deals with "Die Vermittlungspolitik des Erasmus und sein Anteil an den Flugschriften der ersten Reformationszeit"; and the second by Paul Tschackert is entitled "Antonius Corvinus ungedruckter Bericht vom Kolloquium zu Regensburg 1541." German publications of this kind contain mines of information for the historical student.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, by J. H. Bernard, D.D. ("Bell's Cathedral" Series. 1s. 6d. net.) A very welcome addition to the series, which is too well known to need any recommendation. The history of the cathedral and the description of its various architectural features are more than adequate for the enjoyment of the visitor, and the illustrations are admirable.

## Reprints and New Editions

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER OF IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON. The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.) The note which prefaces this volume is somewhat misleading, assuredly unintentionally so. It says "this issue is founded on the second edition, published by John Major in the year 1824." At a casual glance, to many people it would seem that the present edition is founded on the second edition of the Compleat Angler, but this is not so. It is founded on John Major's second edition of the book, a very different matter. This point once settled we can praise the general get up and printing, which leave nothing to be desired. Quite the most delightful reprint of this most delightful book.

NEW ENGLAND ROMANCES (THE SCARLET LETTER, THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE). By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.) Such a volume as "New England Romances" would have considerably astonished our grandfathers. Here are three books between two covers and the volume none of the thickest. The lightness and smallness of the book is amazing even in these days of thin paper editions. The frontispiece portrait of the author is charming, as is, indeed, the whole reprint. Quite the best possible way in which to place Hawthorne on our shelves.

THE CUP. By Lord Tennyson. With Introduction and Notes, by H. B. Cotterill, M.A. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.) "The Cup," in some respects the most successful of Tennyson's dramatic pieces, is here reprinted with an excellent introduction. The notes are interesting and well written, and although half the slender volume is occupied by Mr. Cotterill's sketch of Tennyson's life and remarks about the acting of "The Cup," and the source of Tennyson's inspiration, we are well content.



## New Books Received

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Fry, D.D. (Rev. T. C.), *Old Testament History for Schools* ..... (Arnold) 2/6  
 Todd (Rev. J. C.), *Politics and Religion in Ancient Israel: An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament* ..... (Macmillan) 6/0

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Howard (Newman), *Savonarola: A City's Tragedy* ..... (Dent) net 4/6  
 Pollock (W. Herries), *Animals that have Owned Us* ..... (Murray) net 6/0  
 Hyde, LL.D. (Douglas), edited and translated by, *Songs Ascribed to Raftery* ..... (Gill, Dublin) net 3/6  
 Bowen (Chas. Inniss), *The Wandering Jew* ..... (Walter Scott) 1/6  
 Ellis (Havelock), *A Study of British Genius* ..... (Hurst and Blackett) net 7/6  
 Partwee (Ernest), compiled by, *The Recliter's Treasury of Verse* ..... (Routledge)  
 Rossetti (D. G.), translated by, *Dante's "La Vita Nuova"* ..... (Ellis and Elvey)

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Ely, D.Lit. (Talford), *Roman Hayling: A Contribution to the History of Roman Britain* ..... (Taylor and Francis)  
 Vignaud (Henry), *The Real Birth-Date of Columbus, 1451* ..... (Stevens, Son, and Stiles) net 6/0  
 Jacks, LL.D. (William), *The Life of His Majesty William II., German Emperor* ..... (MacLehose) net 9/0  
 Men and Women of Soho: Famous and Infamous, by the Rev. J. H. Cardwell, etc., etc. .... (Truslove and Hanson) net 6/0

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Grunst (Lucy M. J. G.), *Turkish Life in Town and Country* ..... (Newnes) net 3/6  
 Rysallo, Past and Present: Walks and Excursions, by P. I. A. .... (Phillip) net 2/6  
 Williams, Jr. (Egerton R.), *Hill Towns of Italy* ..... (Smith, Elder) net 10/6

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- The Geographical Journal, Vol. XXII. .... (Royal Geographical Society)

## EDUCATIONAL

- Mason (late H. C. F.), edited by H. H. West, *Compositions and Translations* ..... (Cambridge) net 3/6  
 Plutarch, M.A. (J. H.), edited by, *Kenilworth* ..... (Cambridge) 2/6  
 Atherton, M.A. (R. P.), *Bell's French Course, Part II* ..... (Bell) 1/6

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Palmer, B.A. (W.), edited by, *Hazell's Annual for 1904* ..... (Hazell, Watson and Viney) net 3/6  
 Wu Chang, *Leaves from the Notebook of: England through Chinese Spectacles* ..... (Cotton Press) 3/6  
 Liverpool Cathedral ..... (Church House, Liverpool) 0/3  
 Millar (G. G.), *Business Success* ..... (Walter Scott) 1/0  
 "One and All" Gardening, 1904. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association) 0/2  
 The Antiquary, Vol. XXXIX. .... (Stock) 7/6  
 Willoughby, Ph.D. (Westel Woodbury), *The Political Theories of the Ancient World* ..... (Longmans) net 6/0  
 The Wimbeldon and Merion Annual ..... (Trim) net 2/6  
 Smith (Bartholomew), *Chamberlain and Chamberlainism* ..... (Long) net 1/0  
 Cassell's Cabinet Cyclopedia, Part I. .... (Cassell) net 0/6

## FICTION

- "Stromboli and the Guns," by Francis Gribble (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "The Captain's Daughter," by Gwendolen Overton (Macmillan), 3/0; "Phoebe in Fetters," by Mrs. Basilie Reynolds (Murray), 6/0; "His Little World: The Story of French Badoen," by Samuel Merwin (Barnes, New York), \$1.50; "The Boss and How He came to Rule New York," by Alfred H. Lewis (Barnes), \$1.50; "The Circle in the Square: The Story of a New Battle on Old Fields" (Barnes), \$1.50; "Tennessee Todd: A Novel of the Great River," by G. W. Ogden (Barnes), \$1.50; "Countess Ida," by Fred Whishaw (Long), 6/0; "Nurse Charlotte," by L. T. Meade (Long), 6/0; "In Steel and Leather," by R. H. Forster (Long), 6/0; "The Story of Tony," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood (Grant Richards), 3/6; "The Rise of Roderick Cloud," by Josiah Flynt (Grant Richards), 6/0; "The Mark," by Aquila Kemper (Hutchinson), 6/0.

## JUVENILE

- "Uncle Ranger's Yarns: Tales of a Spirit," by A. H. Biggs, M.A. (James), 1/0.

## NEW EDITIONS

- "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Courtship," by Hawley Smart (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Olebe Willems; or, Things as They Are," by William Godwin (Newnes), net 3/0; "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance" (in one vol.), by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Newnes), net 3/6; "Clear Round! A Story of World-Travel," by R. A. Gordon (Sampson Low), 3/6; "Air, Food, and Exercise: An Essay on the Predisposing Causes of Disease," by A. Rabagliati, M.D. (Baillière, Tindall), net 7/6; "Lovely Woman," by T. W. H. Crosland (Grant Richards), net 1/0; "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Blackie), 2/6; "Essays in Verse and Prose," by Abraham Cowley (Methuen), net 1/6; "Essays," by Thomas Carlyle (Blackie), 3/6; "Harry Lorrequer," by Charles Lever (Blackie), 2/6; "Caxtons," by Lord Lytton (Blackie), 2/6; "The Pathfinder," by J. Fenimore Cooper (Blackie), 2/6.

## PERIODICALS

- "Pictorial Comedy," "Jewish Quarterly Review," "Cassell's Magazine," "Magazine of Art," "Longman's Magazine," "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Girl's Own Paper," "Boy's Own Paper," "Friendly Greetings," "Home Management," "Connoisseur."

## Foreign

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Vivien (Renée), *La Vénus des Aveugles* ..... (Paris: Lemerre) 3 frs.

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Regnaud (Paul), *L'Origine des Idées Éclairées par la Science du Langage* ..... (Paris: Alcan) 1fr. 50c.  
 Damas (F. G.), *Almanach des Gourmands* ..... (Nilsson) 2fr.

## MISCELLANEOUS—cont.

- Borrmann (Richard) and Neuwirth (Joseph), *Geschichte der Baukunst* ..... (Seemann) 8 marks 50 pfs.  
 Mitteilungen der Altertums-Kommission für Westfalen, Heft III. .... (Aschendorff) 10 marks.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Du Terrage (Baron Marc de Villiers), *Les Dernières Années de la Louisiane Française* ..... (Paris: Guilmoto) 15 frs.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS, ETC.

Dr. JOHN SCHMITT has edited "The Chronicle of Morea" and it is to be issued in Messrs. Methuen's series of Byzantine Texts almost at once. In the series of Books on Business published by the same firm will be issued immediately Mr. Douglas Owen's "Ports and Docks." Mr. H. C. Minchin has written the introduction and notes for an edition of "The Essays of Abraham Cowley," to be published in Messrs. Methuen's Little Library this week. The first serious attempt at historical romance by Mr. Eden Phillpotts will be issued by the same firm in a day or two under the title of "The American Prisoner." It deals with the Great War Prison on Dartmoor and the life of that famous limbo during the early years of the last century. History has not been departed from, and scarcely an incident among all the remarkable ones recorded but has foundation upon fact. The story itself is a love story of self-sacrifice.—In connection with Rita's attacks upon the "smart set" will be published early in February "Sandford of the Smart Set, or Sin and Scandal," by Belinda Blinders. The book is to be "edited" by Desmond F. T. Coke, and Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are to publish it at 1s. net.—A memoir of the late Rev. Walter Senior will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title "A Faithful Minister." With the memoir will be included some representative sermons preached at Dewsbury, Durham and Margate.—On Tuesday, February 1st, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish a new novel by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, entitled "Thyra Varrick." It is a tale of "The Forty-Five" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie."—The two next volumes of the Mermaid series (to be issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on February 1st) will supply a want which has long been felt, viz., that of an edition of Dryden's best plays. The volumes, which have been edited by Professor Saintsbury, who contributes an introduction and notes, will contain the following plays: "Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada," "Marriage à la Mode," "Aureng-Zebe," "All for Love," "The Spanish Friar," "Albion and Albanus," and "Don Sebastian." Dryden's own prefaces will be given in full.—The delegates of the Clarendon Press are making arrangements for a thorough revision of Liddell and Scott's "Greek-English Lexicon," quarto edition. They have obtained a promise from Mr. Arthur Sidgwick to undertake the active duties of editorship as soon as he is free from certain other literary engagements, and the collection of materials has been begun. Several scholars have sent, and some have promised to send, the corrections or additions which they have accumulated, and it is hoped that any other scholars who are willing to give similar help will communicate with the secretary to the delegates, Clarendon Press, Oxford.

"FOR SPORTSMEN, BY SPORTSMEN" will be the keynote of a new illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to sports and outdoor life, which Messrs. Newnes will shortly publish under the editorship of Mr. C. B. Fry. Not confined to any one or two of its branches, the periodical will deal authoritatively and popularly with the whole field of recreation, as well as with its physical and educational aspect. The need of such a magazine, priced at a figure within the limits of sportsmen of all classes, has long been apparent, and its forthcoming fulfilment will doubtless excite considerable interest.

## The Salad in Literature

... and after that they yede about gadering  
Pleasaunt Salades which they made hem eat,  
For to refresh their great unkindly heat.

**T**HAT the eating of green meat is and always has been closely bound up with healthy human life is a fact which needs no demonstration; but the constantly recurring references to it in the literature of all ages would seem to point the moral in so far as salads must always have appealed peculiarly to those leading a more or less sedentary life.

In a serious biblical commentary of the eighteenth century, Baron von Vaerst, a German savant, refers to Nebuchadnezzar's diet of grass as a punishment which did not in any way consist in the eating of salad, but in the enforced absence of vinegar, oil, and salt. That salad adds a zest to life is proved by St. Anthony, who said that that pious old man, St. Hieronymus, lived to the green old age of 105, and during the last ninety years of his life existed wholly upon bread and water, but "not without a certain lusting after salad." This is confirmed by St. Athanasius.

In Shakespeare's "Henry VI." Jack Cade remarks that a salad "is not amiss to cool a man's stomach in the hot weather." Cleopatra, too, refers to her "salad days, when she was green in judgement, cool in blood." In "Le Quadragesimal Spiritual," a work on theology published in Paris in 1521, these lines occur:—

La Salade moult profitable  
Signe la parole de Dieu  
Qu'il faut ouyr en chascun lieu.  
Pêcheurs, entendez ce notable!

All writers agree as to the cooling properties of salads, and particularly lettuce, on the blood. In his "Acetaria: a Discourse of Sallets" (1699), John Evelyn says that lettuce: "though by Metaphor call'd Mortuorum Cibi (to say nothing of Adonis and his sad Mistress) by reason of its soporiferous quality, ever was and still continues the principal Foundation of the universal Tribe of Sallets, which is to Ccol and Refresh. And therefore in such high esteem with the Ancients, that divers of the Valerian family dignify'd and enobled their Name with that of Lactucini.".

Another quaint book on Salads is entitled "On the Use and Abuse of Salads in general and Salad plants in particular," by Johann Friedrich Schütze, Doctor of Medicine, and Grand-Ducal Saxe-Coburg-Meiningen, Physician at Sonnenburg and Neuhaus: Leipzig, 1758. The learned doctor adopts the classical division of humanity into the Temperamentum Sanguineum, or warm and damp, the Cholericum, or warm and dry, the Phlegmaticum, or cold and damp, and the Melancholicum, or cold and dry. To each of these classes a particular form of Salad applies, and none other.

When Pope Sixtus the Fifth was an obscure monk he had a great friend in a certain lawyer who sank steadily into poverty what time the monk rose to the Papacy. The poor lawyer journeyed to Rome to seek aid from his old friend the Pope, but he fell sick by the wayside and told his doctor to let the Pope know of his sad state. "I will send him a salad," said Sixtus, and duly dispatched a basket of lettuces to the invalid. When the lettuces were opened money was found in their hearts. Hence the Italian proverb of a man in need of money: "He wants one of Sixtus the Fifth's salads."

Charles Kingsley describes many varieties of salads in olden times: "And behold in the kitchen beyond, salads in stacks and faggots; salad of lettuce, salad of cress and endive, salad of boiled coleworts, salad of angelica, salad of scurvy-wort, and seven salads more; for potatoes were not as yet;" but even some of these strange salads are eclipsed by the following recipe for a sallet, temp. Richard II.: "Take parsel, sawge, garlyc, chibolles, oynons, lettes, borage, mynte, poirettes, fenel, and cressis; lave and waishe hem smalle wyth thynne honde, and myng hem wel wyth rawe oyl, lay on vynegar and salt and serve ytt forth."

Fourcroy and Chaptal, notable chemists of the end of the eighteenth century unite in praise of salads, and have written disquisitions on the dressing thereof. Rousseau says that a perfect salad must be dressed by a maiden between 15 and 18 years old, of course with her fingers; whence the familiar French saying which remains in the language to this day. Rabelais opines that the best salad-dressing is Good Humour, which is just the sort of thing that one might expect from him.

Everyone knows the tale of the French emigré who went about to noblemen's houses mixing delicate salads at a high fee. Most authorities refer to him as one d'Albignac, but Grenville Murray, who generally knew what he was writing about, says that his name was Gaudet. To come to more recent times few people nowadays read Mortimer Collins' "British Birds by the Ghost of Aristophanes" (1872), a delightful poetic tourney for the Laureateship of Cloud-Cuckooland, the subject of which is Salad. This is the best known verse:—

Take Endive—like love it is bitter,  
Take beet—for like love it is red;  
Crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter,  
And cress from the rivulet's bed:  
Anchovies, foam-born, like the Lady  
Whose beauty has maddened this bard;  
And olives from groves that are shady;  
And eggs—boil 'em hard!

Many salads have been mixed on the stage; the most famous perhaps is the Japanese salad which occurs in Alexandre Dumas fils' "Francillon" (produced at the Théâtre Français 17th January 1887). It is not orthodox, and, even when deftly mixed, not particularly nice, the flavours being coarsely blended.

A few years ago Mr. Charles Brookfield mixed an admirable salad on the stage of the Haymarket in the course of his clever monologue "Nearly Seven." On January 31st, 1831, "La salade d'oranges, ou les étrennes dans la mansarde," by M.M. Varin and Desvergers was played at the Palais Royal. The first-named author was a sort of gastronomic playwright, for he wrote plays called "Le cuisinier politique," "J'ai mangé mon ami," and others. Finally, in Beaumont and Fletcher these lines occur:—

Three several salads have I sacrificed  
Bedewed with precious oil and vinegar,  
Already to appease thy greedy wrath!

These extracts, picked at random from casual reading, have been put together merely to show that salad has not lacked in honour throughout the tale of centuries. Authors and quotations might be centupled and the total meed of praise would not even then be cited. Which, after all, is only just and proper, for the salad is one of the necessary luxuries of life.



## Egomet

**T**HE hour, the place, and the book, all must be in accord if I am to appreciate rightly the worth of any writer's work. I remember, for example, that I made several attempts to read "Lavengro" before I succeeded in making way with that fascinating book. It was not the fault of the book or mine; it was simply that the hour, the place and the book were never in accord until that third or fourth triumphant effort. I recall well the occasion. It was upon a dank, dreary, muddy November day in London; I had been to pay a visit to a sick friend and had walked from his house, through dripping streets, to the club; the pavements were slippery, the horses splashed the mud around, the wind was cold and raw, the lights shone dimly through the mistiness.

How very welcome were the warmth and bright cheerfulness of the club library. I turned over the magazines on the big round table, glanced at the new books, peered out of the window at the foggy river and the dim line of lamps along the Embankment, shrugged my shoulders at the old member who was peacefully snoring before one of the blazing fires, and turned to look over the nearest shelves. There stood the works of George Borrow, not many, but how much. Again will I attack "Lavengro," said I to myself, and picking out the volume I went across the room and settled down before another fire, well out of the ear-shot of Mr. Snorer.

I read steadily from the beginning and soon to my delight was caught in the toils. East Anglia, Ireland, Scotland, highways and byeways, London. Dinner was no interruption for I took my book with me. Each time as I re-read "Lavengro" I endeavour to decide which passages are most fascinating; at that first reading the portions concerning the adventures in London most appealed to me. With "Lavengro" I struggled and toiled, with him I hated that overbearing publisher, delighted in the company of the young man about town, was mystified by that curious Eastern merchant, sat with him upon London Bridge and talked of Defoe and Moll Flanders; with him I trod the streets I know so well, and now sometimes as I walk them I fancy that great, burly man is by my side. I am a weakling and therefore, perhaps, admire the strong and sturdy. What a glorious fellow he must have been, despite his moods and tempers. I might have known him; I may have passed him in the street, rubbing shoulders with him unknowing.

I love the country in a way, but I love the town better. Country books appeal to me, but none so greatly as those of George Borrow. I never met a gipsy, I never dwelt in a dingle, I never rode a horse, of my fists I know not the use save for the purpose of holding a pen. Yet I love George Borrow, admiring him this side of idolatry. Not so long ago it was suggested that a statue of the man should be placed in Norwich. Why? I am not a lover of monuments of writers; to my mind they build in their books their own monuments, which each one of us can have upon our shelves, ever with us. If I visit the places where great writers have lived and worked, to me the atmosphere there is full of them, I look for no statue or monument, I desire none, I avoid them where they exist. Who wants a statue of Thackeray, or Dickens, or De Quincey, or George Borrow in London town? Not I for one. I lay down my pen and again take up "Lavengro," offering up a book-lover's words of gratitude to a whole-hearted, whole-souled writer of great books.

E. G. O.

## Science

## Tolstoi and the Babies

**P**ERHAPS it is worth while to consider the attitude of modern science and the philosophy based upon it toward an idea with which we are all familiar—the idea that the "fever called living" is not worth while. Universal suicide has been suggested as a remedy; a tyrant of the past desired, whatever his motive, that mankind had but one collective neck, which he might sever; and a modern poet has made his hero, with a hint of the same idea, ask "What if the world should end to-night?" And two modern thinkers have approached the same question, each from his own point of view. Huxley declared, as he surveyed the lot of his time, that if there were no better prospect in store he would welcome as a desirable consummation the advent of some kindly comet, which should sweep the whole affair away. And Count Tolstoi, as I understand, has his own grounds for wishing the present generation to be the last.

Without discussing the attitude of these various men, and whilst recognising that, whatever their conclusions or ours, the stream of babies, at the rate of some seven per minute, will certainly persist, we may try to make some impartial inquiry into the question, as a purely academic exercise. "What if the world should end to-night?"

The question we might put to ourselves, I suppose, would centre upon the relative proportions of happiness and pain in human life. If there be more sorrow than joy in the world to-day, and if there be no reason to suppose that the ratio is likely to alter in time coming, then why not end it? Take your "last ride together," like Browning's lover, and let the world end to-night. If, on the other hand, there be a preponderance of joy in human life, then let "the great ages onward roll." Omitting all question as to some "far-off Divine event to which the whole Creation moves"; omitting all consideration of another life than this, and taking the question as a purely rational and terrestrial one, what course would we pursue, had we the power?

Well, I think it might be shown that men are disposed on one side or other of this question according to temperament. I almost fancy that the theologians, the poets—Keats, "here, where men sit and hear each other groan"; Tennyson "never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break," and the Hellenists would incline to the view that there is a balance of sorrow in human affairs, and that there is no present indication that that balance is in process of redress. As to the last point, on the other hand, we have a representative scientist like Tyndall declaring that the history of humanity is a history of amelioration, and that the lot of each generation is happier than that of any of its predecessors. With all my heart do I believe in this latter view. But let us look at the history of humanity—as the biologists and not the historians call history.

Man as we know him is the latest product of a long series of lower forms, whose capacity for suffering—and for happiness—was smaller than his own. I will not attempt to answer the question whether the life of a cow, let us say, is or is not happier, on the whole, than the life of a typical East-ender. Nor will I attempt to decide whether civilised man is happier, on the whole, than savage man, with his much smaller capacity for physical pain and his entire mental ease. But I do certainly believe that if we take the history of civilisation, Tyndall's words are justified. Perhaps we owe our happier lot, as compared with the Middle Ages, to the ethical ideal of the Church, perhaps to other causes. But whatever the verdict of Tolstoi or anyone else on human society as it is at present, I fancy that a healthy man would rather be alive than dead, rather human than simian or vegetable. It is not begging the question to say a healthy man, for

disease as a great factor in human affairs is assuredly doomed. Tuberculosis and malaria, the two most deadly of known maladies, may be disposed of whenever the race pleases.

But you will tell me that disease is relatively a very unimportant matter; that the evil in the world is not material but moral; that "highways of smooth electrical ease" and pure milk are hardly enough to end the *Weltschmerz*; that if you probe the malady to the bottom it is human nature that the All-Good Father has made "desperately wicked"—as the theologians assure us; and that human nature is the same in all ages, so that any millennial dreams may be discounted forthwith. And I agree with all but your last assertion.

If there is any popular error which modern knowledge and wisdom have totally and finally exposed, it is that "human nature is the same in all ages." We believed that glib assertion up to the time of Comte. The man to whom alone we owe the assertion and proof that human nature is *not* the same in all ages is Herbert Spencer, though a serious monthly magazine, in the number published after his death, began its first page with that shallow and hopeless lie.

Human nature was once simian, once amphibian, once much lower still. The ridiculous assertion which many of us still believe—and quote, as if it were wisdom—is historically coeval with the ridiculous chronology of Archbishop Usher. If man was indeed created, as a learned divine has calculated, at nine in the morning, on the twenty-first of October, in the year 4004 B.C., then certainly we cannot demonstrate much alteration in human nature during the past six thousand years. But that has gone the way of all myths, and has been replaced by a gospel of hope: hope not merely for the individual but for the race. And it is because human nature is responsible for humanity's greatest evils, and because I know that human nature is ever climbing "the world's great altars, that slope through darkness up to God," that I believe Count Tolstoi—who despises and denies Evolution and its exponents—to be wrong. I give you the one artist that, so far, has discovered Evolution:—

Red of the Dawn!

Is it turning a fainter red? so be it, but when shall we  
The Ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting us lay  
yet, and be free?

In a hundred, a thousand winters?

Ah, what will our children be,

The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away.

If life is not worth living to-day, it will be *then*: so we  
welcome the babies, Tolstoi notwithstanding.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## The Provost of Trinity College

**D**EATH has been busy of late with the most eminent of Irish intellects. Yesterday it was Lecky, to-day it is Dr. Salmon. But though the former, in spite of an eminently retiring disposition, had a much more familiar reputation among the general public, the latter is a far greater loss to the internal intellectual life of Ireland and particularly of the Irish capital. Dr. Salmon's was one of those great academic figures whose greatness is infinitely more than academic. As Provost of Trinity College he dominated his colleagues as admittedly, and was in himself as truly the essence of the institution over which he presided, as the late Master of Balliol was the foremost figure in the Oxford of his day. But the power of Dr. Salmon's masterful, yet singularly winning, personality was exhibited in a larger world, and won a wider conquest. He was not merely a profound master and teacher in the two dissimilar sciences to which he contributed, respectively, his "Geometry of Three Dimensions" and his "Historical Introduction to the New Testament." He was also a great man of affairs. The same gifts of strength, sagacity and humour which enabled him

to rule the smaller world of Trinity College with an authority which has never been surpassed and a popularity which has never been equalled, made Dr. Salmon, quite apart from the splendid service of his theological writings, the foremost Irish churchman of his day. It was the same in the world of Dublin society. No one could have expected of a man who had lived almost up to his seventieth year the life of a scholar and a student, that on assuming the headship of the college he would exhibit not only the qualities of a successful ruler, but those of a brilliant conversationalist, a delightful after-dinner speaker, and the most charming of hosts. Yet such was the verdict unanimously passed when, in 1891, it fell to Dr. Salmon's lot to take the lead as Provost in the festivities which celebrated the Tercentenary of the University of Dublin. And such was the position which he enjoyed, without seeking it, in the far from homogeneous society of Dublin. Yet to all these qualities were united the strongest of wills, the most steadfast principle, and the most unflinching courage. Dean Bernard, in his admirable appreciation from the pulpit of St. Patrick's on Sunday last, most happily illustrated his controversial vigour when he applied to the Provost what Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson: "If his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt of it."

In even so brief a notice as this it is not inappropriate to the pages of a literary journal to note that among the chief of Dr. Salmon's relaxations was an insatiable delight in novel-reading. Few men have had so wide or so familiar an acquaintance with English fiction. While his chief allegiance was given to the older novelists of the last century, especially to Scott and to Miss Austen, he had an unusual familiarity with the earlier Victorian novelists of the second rank. Among these Anthony Trollope was a special favourite.

## Dramatic Notes

**C**HARLES LAMB complained that artificial comedy had been killed by sentimental comedy, and we of the present day may add our complaint that it has not been resuscitated. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is a writer who might, an he would, render the stage this service, for a service it would be, but he is fatally tainted with the sad seriousness of to-day and will not dare to let his genuine gifts have free play. A notable example of his fearfulness is the new comedy at the Haymarket Theatre "Joseph Entangled," in the third act of which he has introduced that good character, that single gush of moral feeling, that revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, at which Lamb points the critical finger of scorn as ruinous to artificial comedy. It is the real pump and the real water, which in its surroundings not only is unreal itself but upsets the balance of the play.

THE first two acts of "Joseph Entangled" are quite first rate artificial comedy; the dialogue is witty and amusing, the characters well drawn, the situations well devised. Lady Verona Mayne, a highly irresponsible person, and Sir Joseph Lacy, a light-hearted lady-killer, are accidentally led into a compromising situation, from which quite logically arise a series of entanglements which we watch with glee, for never for one moment do we take them or the characters of the comedy as *real*. Then in the fatal third act, Mr. Jones sounds the jarring note of reality, he appeals to our sentiment and to our morals, the house of cards collapses, and the play, becoming drama, stinks in our nostrils. The pity and the needlessness of it! Mr. Jones might have continued on his merry way to our great contentment, for he was under no compulsion to adopt the plan he has followed, the third act might have been as artificial as those preceding, and the husband of Lady Verona as high a comedy character as the husband



of Lady Teazle. In fact Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has come very near to giving us a present day "School for Scandal," so near as to make me, for one, bitterly regret that he has fallen at the last fence.

I HAVE said that the characters of "Joseph Entangled" are well drawn; indeed they compare favourably with the very high standard he has set himself in those brilliant comedies "The Crusaders" and "The Liars." Sir Joseph Mayne is the entertaining modern counterpart of Joseph Surface, Lady Verona a metropolitan twentieth-century Lady Teazle, Jermyn Pycroft a *flaneur*, with a slightly too disagreeable cynicism, Professor Tosfield an amusing caricature of a philosopher who overstrains his philosophy when he applies it to everyday affairs, and the two servants, Knapman and his wife, are splendid creations. The actors, one and all, with the single exception of Mr. Herbert Waring, whose failure was no fault of his, gave us a fine example of modern comedy-acting at its best. Even where everyone was so good it may be permitted me to praise especially Mr. Frederick Volpe and Mrs. Charles Calvert: as the two above-named servants they created two characters which will linger long in the memory and in which they sunk their own individualities so entirely that we remember the characters not the players.

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL'S "The Duke of Killcrankie" is founded upon a central idea strong enough for a one-act farce, but not so for a three-act farcical romance. Remembering with pleasure the same writer's "His Excellency The Governor," "A Royal Family" and "The Second in Command," I watched, and came away from "The Duke of Killcrankie" with a sense of disappointment. Captain Marshall has certainly not done himself justice in his latest production; the first and third acts are mere talk and that none of his best, the intermediate act has some action, utterly improbable and not touched with that whimsical fancy which this writer has led us to expect from him. Such a piece as this can only be saved from failure by brilliant dialogue; unhappily this has not been provided. Rudeness is not witty; we do not want blows from a bludgeon, but thrusts from a rapier. Two ladies, social antagonists, are brought together at the table of the Duke, and they indulge in a royal battle of words, which, but for their costumes, would appear to be a "slanging match" between fishwives; the claws of cats without the soft furry sheaths. Captain Marshall can do so much better than this that it is our duty to speak plainly and ask him to give us of his best. The acting as a whole was neither finished nor persuasive, with the exception of Miss Eva Moore, whose performance was excellently pretty.

TO-MORROW (Sunday) Mr. J. H. Leigh will lecture the playgoers upon "Reading versus Acting." This club is doing good service to the stage by its discussions, and there is surely some hope for

the future of the drama when dramatic art is seriously discussed by playgoers?

A NEW comedy by Franz von Schöthan, "Maria Theresa," won the approval of the audience at the Berliner Theatre, Berlin.

GUTZKOW'S "Uriel Acosta" has been revived at the Schiller Theatre, Berlin. Forty years ago—the play was written in 1846—it aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the playgoing public, but to-day its influence is less strong, and the success of the revival is mainly due to the admirable acting. Still, it is a moving story and technically an excellently constructed drama. Some few years ago it was rumoured that Mr. Beerbohm Tree intended to produce it, and doubtless he would give us striking pictures of 17th century Amsterdam and its Jewish Synagogue, and find in the martyred hero a part exactly to his taste.

THE new "musical comedy" for Daly's Theatre, to replace "The Country Girl," which ends this week, is in active rehearsal, and will probably appear about the end of February. The authors and composers are the same as that of the piece just ending. The part of the Baboo lawyer, Chubbuddy Ram, taken by Mr. Huntley Wright, has been revised by "F. Anstey," the creator of Jabberjee, while Mr. Rutland Barrington is appropriately massive



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: THE DUTCH CHURCH, AUSTIN FRIARS

[Photo, Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

and dignified as a Kandyan noble, Boobhamba by name. Native festivities are to be a striking feature of the second act.

## Musical Notes

**A** BODY which ought to be better known, and whose labours ought to be more actively supported, is the Folk Song Society, concerning which I notice some correspondence in a contemporary. As Mr. Fuller Maitland observed at the second of his interesting lectures at the Royal Institution last week, it becomes yearly more imperative for the old tunes scattered about the country to be collected and noted down if they are not to be lost or changed beyond recognition, and this is the work to which the Society in question addresses itself. Unfortunately, while several hundreds of beautiful old songs have been rescued, want of funds has so far prevented their publication. This should not be. Perhaps, on the other hand, the Society, whose vice-presidents are Sir Hubert Parry, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, might push its claims a little more energetically with advantage. Many readers of *THE ACADEMY* would, I am confident, be glad to further such an excellent cause if put in the way of doing so.

It is not very clear why the Hallé band should be brought from Manchester to play at the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden in March next. If Manchester were to give a festival and the Queen's Hall band were to be sent there for that purpose, Manchester folk would be the first to exclaim at such an arrangement—and rightly. The Hallé band is a very good one, but no one can pretend that it is superior to orchestras which we possess in London; wherefore its importation in the manner proposed seems quite unnecessary. It is true, of course, that Dr. Richter is to conduct, which is doubtless the explanation of the arrangement; but this will hardly mitigate the natural soreness of London orchestral players which is likely to be engendered over the matter. But perhaps after all London has largely herself to blame. Our neglect of Elgar has been Manchester's opportunity, and this is one of the results. The Hallé band and the Hallé chorus know their Elgar; London instrumentalists and singers do not.

It must be agreed, however, that the forthcoming festival will do much to redeem London's reputation in this regard. Perhaps, indeed, no other composer has ever been the subject of quite such a remarkable tribute as that which this festival, organised by Mr. Schulz-Curtius and the Grand Opera Syndicate, will constitute, and it will be highly interesting to note the amount of support which it secures. In a way it was an odd sort of venture for the syndicate to embark on, since neither "The Dream of Gerontius" nor "The Apostles" can be reckoned a work exactly in their line, or as calculated to make any very particular appeal to their supporters. None the less, it is apparently assumed, judging from the scale of charges, that the fashionables will cheerfully flock to the festival (as a kind of solemn prelude, perhaps, to the brighter glories of the season proper), and I sincerely hope that they will. For musicians the production of Dr. Elgar's first symphony seems likely to prove the most interesting feature of the festival.

As to the opera season proper, many will be disappointed to learn that no "Ring" cycles are to be given this year. But doubtless we may look for single representations of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," as usual, while compensation is promised also in a series of special performances under Richter which may well prove even more interesting than a repetition of the "Ring." Performances of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan" under Richter would, for instance, be well worth hearing, while if a little extra

attention could be given also to Mozart, even if we do not actually get to the length of that long-delayed "Mozart Cycle," this would be matter also for satisfaction.

THE Æolian Hall, opened last week, constitutes an acceptable addition to London's smaller concert rooms. It will not serve to take the place of St. James's Hall, when the building goes (if it ever does) its threatened way, but it is of a size admirably adapted to recitals and less important concerts, and since it is also conveniently situated, and has, moreover, been most tastefully decorated and equipped, it may be expected to become very popular. The room holds 400, and is thus of about the same size as the Bechstein Hall. At the concert with which it was opened Miss Parkins, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies and Mr. Johannes Wolff had no difficulty in showing that its acoustic properties are excellent, while Mr. Max Schulz excited general admiration by his deft manipulation of the pianola.

Has the modern orchestra yet reached its limits? Or must it see the addition of still further instruments? Such was the subject of a recent interesting discussion in the columns of a contemporary. The conclusion came to was, I think, that nothing like finality in this matter has yet been reached, which in view of past experience and present tendencies certainly seems reasonable, even though it must become more difficult than ever to give orchestral concerts at a profit if their bands are thus to be continually increased in size. Even as it is the works of the more modern masters, including in this term Richard Wagner as well as Richard Strauss, can seldom be given precisely in the manner intended.

PERHAPS composers of the future will find a way out by resorting rather to a greater variety than to a greater number of instruments. In which event they might gain ideas perhaps from some of those ancient instruments of Hawaii, of which current report tells in connection with an orchestra in formation at Honolulu. The *ahu*, or nose flute, for instance, described as possessing (perhaps mercifully) a compass of something less than an octave, suggests infinite possibilities in the hands of, say, Richard Strauss, while the *kilu*, to the construction of which it seems a cocoanut is essential, sounds like another instrument which might confidently be relied upon to do execution.

If Miss Paula Szalit, the new pianist, has any sense of humour she must have been considerably amused by the diverse judgments of two of her critics last week. Thus in the "Daily News" one found the usually hypercritical "E. A. B." rhapsodising as follows:—

She is mistress of her instrument in every respect; she understands its genius. As far as technique in the ordinary sense goes she has nothing to learn. . . . Her phrasing had the quality of inevitableness, which can never be the effect of the mediocre mind in music. . . . Miss Szalit has also the mind that grasps the inner meaning of the art; the spirituality that sees in it more than sensuous tonal beauty.

On the other hand hearken unto the judgment of the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

Miss Szalit attacked the work with a free sense of irresponsibility, and evidently was not distracted by any possible subtleties which might have existed in the intention of Beethoven. She played like an extremely clever school-girl.

It is only just, however, to Miss Szalit to add that the majority of her critics leaned much more to the "Daily News" than to the "Pall Mall Gazette" estimate of her powers. By almost universal consent she has been recognised as an artist of quite exceptional attainments.



## Art Notes

THE appointment of Mr. Clausen, A.R.A., to the Professorship of Painting at the Royal Academy has already borne good fruit; and the attendance at his lectures, to say nothing of the sudden enthusiasm amongst the students and others to attend lectures on painting, and the space devoted to those lectures by the press must be a welcome change in that room where so much voluble cant has flowed. Now, at any rate, the student, hearing good talk, ceases to yawn; and it is good to read that Mr. Clausen's mention of Whistler roused thundering applause from the youngsters—a cheer which showed a good example to many an Academician. The Academicians who attended the lectures, however, as given by the press, seem to have been just the men that least required them—I should like to have seen, for instance—Ah! but there are so many immortals who want their art furbishing, and it seems invidious to name one or two. The advice to the students to study the old men, "but not too systematically and not as a task," was excellent. I was glad to see Mr. Clausen daring to speak of an artist's *sentiment and poetry* in these days when scarcely a critic realises that there are such things, far less realises that they are the basic essence of art; indeed so far from realising it, do they not actually pride themselves on eliminating the essence out of art? Mr. Clausen's lecture on Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez was most sound. I would only say that I think Whistler was quite as fine an etcher as Rembrandt in actual technique—indeed there are some etchings of Whistler's that it would be impossible to surpass in thrill and nervous feeling and in the emotional statement which is the essence of art. In his lecture on Lighting and Arrangement I was glad to see that Mr. Clausen dwelt strongly on the absolute need to put the general statement of the picture before perfection in the rendering of the details. No student can have this truth drilled into him too often—and still more into her. The general arrangement, (what for want of a better phrase we call in the studios the black and white of the thing.) enters into how few of the brains of such as write letters after their names on the official roll-call of art to-day! But when you get a man who sees the picture as a whole, men like Sargent and Whistler, Clausen himself, Edwin Abbey, Howard Pyle, Steinlen, Guthrie, how their work stands out and sets them into the rank of those that reach the best achievement of their time! Mr. Clausen, speaking of the development of Turner's artistic eye, praises his ever-increasing worship of light, his "growth of perception of the beauty of light." That seems to me a rather canting and foolish phrase—surely he means the *emotion of light*! But we are all the slaves of cant, the most revolutionary of us, nay, did not even Swinburne get one of his most superb effects with a sublime use of cant in his sonnet to Cromwell—"the Enthroned republic, more kinglier than a king, spoke; and its voice was Cromwell"! Still, this misuse of the word beauty was all the more strange, coming from the man who, in his next lecture, stated that "*the expression of colour may be defined as the emotional side of art, the expression of form by drawing as the intellectual side.*" Here is a man at last, a remarkable artist, who sees that his art is not beauty but emotion—and it accounts for his pronounced mastery in the realm of colour. Year by year Clausen's grip upon colour has increased—year by year his gamut has become larger, the harmony more splendid, the music more resonant. When he speaks of colour being the emotional side of art, he of course only speaks of the art of painting. If the colour is not used to express the mood of the picture, it is at best but merest fireworks. But, whilst in a way, it is illuminating to that statement to say "as drawing is the intellectual side of art," it would be

more proper to say "as drawing is the intellectual side of painting"; for drawing is just as much an emotional statement of life as is colour. The line of a Beardsley is absolutely musical, emotional, rhythmic—it transfers the emotion of Beardsley's art as definitely and as beautifully as any amount of colour could. Altogether the Academy is to be congratulated on its Professor of Painting, and in nothing more cordially than in that he has pointed the students' gaze to the fact that colour is the statement of human emotion and temperament, not a thing to be acquired by the use of academic line and plummet, that it is a personal statement, and that colour is not an actuality but an emotional statement, and relative in its values to the thing stated, not a mere copying of the colours of nature.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Clausen will publish his lectures in book form and with good reproductions of his illustrations—say a book in quarto shape, and at a reasonable price. It would and should have a good influence in every art school throughout the country. I am judging before the series is finished; and I would suggest some reproductions from his own best work, and a few colour reproductions from his sketches. He requires editing, to prevent his own work being under-stated.

MR. ANDREW LANG in an article on "Art and Civilisation" in the "Morning Post" very rightly shows the wrongness of Dr. Grosse's theory that when a barbaric people are in the hunting stage they produce finer art than when they settle down into the agricultural and more civilised stage. As a matter of fact, no section of the community has worse taste all round, no section of the community has produced less really good art than the sportsman. It is a strange and curious fact that the men who live the out-of-door life, who see Nature in her most exquisite moods, should be the most indifferent observers and recorders of her moods, whilst a Turner comes out of a barber's dingy house in a shabby London street and creates masterpiece after masterpiece of colour—to be laughed at by the sportsman—when the said sportsman does not gaze at it in dumb bewilderment.

THE foundation stone of the cathedral of Liverpool is to be laid this summer; and the city is to be congratulated on the architects whom she has chosen to create the masterpiece. The Cathedral Committee chose Mr. Bodley, R.A., and Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., as Advisory Architects, who, out of the competitors, selected five men for the final competition—Messrs. Austin and Paley, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Gilbert Scott, Mr. Malcolm Stark and Mr. Tapper; and from the resulting competition Mr. Gilbert Scott came out triumphantly with the "best design and finest conception" as to the cathedral's "real effect," "the dimensions and proportions of its different parts," "its practical aspect," its "fine and noble proportion combined with an evident knowledge of detail," and above all in his grip of "that power combined with beauty that makes a great and noble building." The Committee thereupon appointed Mr. Bodley, R.A., and Mr. Gilbert Scott to be the joint architects of the new cathedral, thus securing the experience of the greatest modern exponent of Gothic architecture and the brilliant talents of Mr. Scott. And I am bound to say that, judging by the sketches in the pamphlet issued by the Committee, the judgment of the cathedral experts is likely to be well rewarded.

EVERY vessel that beats up the Mersey will see arising from the midst of the city, high above its topmost habitation, a vast cathedral, the two mighty towers of

which will stand sentinel over the great water-gate of England; for there is to be built upon the hill that dominates the city a mighty and imposing edifice whose great height and lofty transepts will make it stand out with majestic symbolism above the everyday life of her busy thoroughfares. It is full time that so splendid a city as Liverpool should be crowned with the emblem of her spiritual life. And from the designs it would almost seem as though she were about to come into possession of a lofty edifice that will have as glorious a site as Durham Cathedral, and much of the massive grandeur of that great cathedral that is the pride and the glory of Paris.

Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN delivered an address at the London Institution the other evening on "British Sculpture of To-day"—a sound, sensible estimate of the modern school. It is sincerely to be hoped that he will publish it, with full illustrations from his slides. But there is one part of it in particular which I should like to see in the possession of the public; and I think Mr. Spielmann owes it to us all to publish it, with its illustrations—his description of the Queen Victoria Memorial. It is useless to criticise the business when it is done; whilst criticism of the plans and designs might not only prevent blunders, but is often of the greatest value in the making, especially where a number of details have to be kept in dependent harmony the one on the other. At any rate, it is satisfactory to know from so good a judge as Mr. Spielmann that Mr. Brock's work is so excellent in the sketch state. I was glad to see also that Mr. Spielmann had done justice to Leighton's "Sluggard" and "Athlete struggling with a Python," two works in which the genius of Leighton almost reach its highest achievement.

Mr. DERWENT WOOD is a sculptor who made his mark early by winning a travelling studentship out of the Academy schools; and he has now won in the competition for the marble statue of the great preacher Spurgeon. His torso of a woman at the International Society is a very exquisite and beautiful piece of work; and the rhythm of its line and form suffer nothing even in the presence of the master work of Rodin hard by.

THE Women's International Art Club, at the Grafton Galleries, shows some excellent examples of the achievement of woman in the arts of painting and of sculpture. Such vigorous strong work as Helène von Beekerath's "En Bretagne" would make its mark in any exhibition; and at the Grafton Gallery it stands out with remarkable power—the jesting, talking group about the table with the light of the lamp sending a warm glow over their bucolic faces, are painted with rare dash and power, and the whole mood and atmosphere of the event finely rendered. Miss Bethia Clarke's "The Watcher" is another good, well balanced piece of work. Miss Emmeline Halse's modelling in her small sculpture of "A Victim to Art" is full of character, a rare gift amongst women-artists, as well as being very beautifully rendered; and Miss Gwendolen Williams' marble of "Dawn," were it not for that dreadful tree-trunk, is a very exquisite study of a young girl in that difficult period of awkward beauty—the early teens. Miss Alice Robertson's "La Mère Marie," Miss Knapping's "The Bridge," Miss Garrido's "Household Cares," Miss Boughton-Leigh's "Barrington," Miss Gertrude Leese's "The Mother," stood out from amidst much good work; whilst Miss Labouchere's sketch "Perseus" was one of the finest pieces of colour in the whole place, even beside her own excellent "Le Petit Cour" and "Church Interior."

IMPORTANT Art exhibitions have been thrown open to the public in such numbers during the last week or two that I am putting off the survey of the details of two of them until next week; but I would just jot down for the art-lover's guidance meanwhile that the "International" at the New Gallery has added a couple of Whistlers to its strength; that Mr. Baillie, at Hereford Street, is showing work by Mr. Counard which no one should miss; that the Pastel Society is open at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours in Piccadilly; that Mr. Grosvenor Thomas has an exhibition at the Woodbury Gallery in Bond Street, as also has Mr. Elgood at the Fine Art Society's; and that the Hon. Walter James has a show of his work at the Ryder Gallery in Albemarle Street.

THE first number of the new art quarterly, "The Artist and Engraver," is out; and it will be interesting to see whether a magazine at such a high price will repay Messrs. Macmillan for their venture. Its claim upon our seven-and-sixpences is that it is a quarterly magazine of Original Work. And, high as the price may seem, it must be remembered that we get for our money, in number one, the work of A. Legros, a fine etching if somewhat weak; an example of C. H. Shannon, a dainty wood engraving; an original of Mr. Strang, in the shape of an engraving on copper which is studiously clumsy in the modelling, yet a fine thing; an example of Joseph Pennell in the shape of an excellent lithograph full of airiness and movement and breeziness; and an etching by D. Y. Cameron in his markedly individual style. No man can call this expensive fare for seven shillings and sixpence, yet the price is undoubtedly a high price, and I doubt if Messrs. Macmillan will find the effort a paying one. However that may be, the portfolio contains some very beautiful work; and it has this claim to existence that it is original creative work and not reproductions in engraving from the paintings of others. The general effect left upon me, however (and I say this though I am an admirer of each of the men whose work appears), is a feeling that they have not given of their most characteristic work; and I think this is nearly always the case in such ventures. Mr. Pennell's work is the most characteristic; yet if Pennell had sent his superb "Segovia" from the International, for instance, how much more telling would have been his contribution. There is throughout, to me, a sense of thinness in the efforts of each contributor; and it is a relief to turn to one or two Gordon Craigs that lie about my room and breathe their strength and their enthusiasm—it is a change of artistic climate. Nevertheless a book of beautiful things is this new art magazine. Mr. Binyon's enthusiasm for original engraving as against mere reproductions from the paintings of others is founded on the more solid ground, since the engraving of reproductive work has now no reason for existence, for the photogravure can state the picture perhaps more accurately whilst it retains much of the velvety mezzotint quality.

## University Extension

### The Position of Oxford and Cambridge

UNTIL the reconstitution of the University of London in 1900 the University Extension Movement in London had been organised by a society founded in 1876, soon after the original idea of "extension" had taken root at Cambridge. Cambridge was the first to take up in a practical way suggestions originally put forth at the Oxford Commission of 1850. Oxford followed the example of the sister University and the extension work of the two Universities has since been carried on, at



Cambridge under a syndicate, at Oxford under a delegacy, both being the direct outcome of the University. Thus, until lately the extension work of the ancient universities had been on a different footing from that carried out in London. Now, however, it seems that London is going to become the centre of the movement, under the University of London, and such a development may be the ultimate means of binding together the various branches and making for that unity which is felt to be lacking at present.

But if London is to take up this position of central authority Oxford and Cambridge must not drop behind. Their work remains just as important. Without it they would lose much of their national character which the extension movement has done so much to recover.

Since 1876 the scope of the intellectual influence of both Oxford and Cambridge has become considerably widened. Successful courses of lectures have led to the foundation of permanent University Extension Colleges—at Exeter and Colchester for instance, and the growth of local colleges of university rank (colleges instituted entirely by private enterprise and munificence) in the large industrial towns cannot wholly be explained without some reference to the influence of university extension. The University Extension College at Reading was the first of its kind, and is now affiliated to Oxford University. So too is the University College at Sheffield.

But it is easy to see that the real work of university extension will not be effected by the formation of local colleges. The work in the smaller towns cannot have such an outcome, and indeed it is not wanted; neither is it the underlying idea of the movement, which primarily concerns those to whom, from a multitude of reasons, a university career is impossible. But that does not mean that there should be no other opportunity of benefiting from the methods and character of university teaching. There is a great deal to be done in the development of class-work as a necessary supplement to the lectures, and in the direction, too, of individual reading. The students attending the centres scattered over the kingdom must be made to feel that they are part of a scheme—that the organisation does not emanate from each separate town but from the universities themselves.

It will be interesting to watch if the recent stimulus given to the movement in London will have any echo in Oxford or Cambridge. For there is opening for much more to be done in the way of organisation. Apart from the "Summer Meetings" it can hardly be held that the extension movement is one of a general influence or that its *modus operandi* is any too widely known.

## Correspondence

### Clough and Tennyson

SIR,—With regard to the Clough and Tennyson parallel, I am inclined to think, for it is of course only possible to speak conjecturally, that Clough had heard the couplet in MS. and perhaps unconsciously echoed it. As you are aware, the sections of "In Memoriam" in which it occurs—indeed, it occurs twice, were written some years before they were published, and Tennyson was in the habit of reading the MS. sections to friends as they were composed. Among those friends were several who knew Clough, and Clough himself. I expect that is the solution of the problem.—Yours, &c.,  
J. C. COLLINS.

### "Shakespeare and Bacon"

SIR,—As a Baconian who has studied the "Shakespeare Problems" for many years, will you allow me a little space to answer Dr. Engel, whose book you reviewed recently.

You say: "Engel brings forward some new arguments to show how slight was Bacon's general culture." Against Engel's "new arguments" I place the "old argument" of Edmund Burke—

whose "arguments" were not made in Germany, like Engel's—when he asks, "Who is there that hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognise everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive, of discovery the most penetrating, of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?" No "culture" in Bacon! May I ask Dr. Engel where "the man of Stratford" got his "culture"? For, according to Dr. Engel, the London actor seems to have been the only man of "culture" of the Elizabethan age—had it been "agriculture," his verdict might have been allowed to pass without comment.

Then you say: "Nowhere does he [Bacon] mention the great English writers who were his contemporaries or forerunners. We hear nothing in his writings of Chaucer or Spenser, or Sidney, or More, or Achan, and as little of the great names of European literature—Dante or Petrarch, or Ariosto or Tasso." Where had he the opportunity of doing this in his works? Did Shakespeare refer to them in any of his plays? And if Shakespeare did not, why should Bacon be expected to do otherwise. Bacon and Shakespeare appear to have been so wrapped up in their own affairs that no other author had any interest for either of them.

Again you assert: "According to Engel, even his [Bacon's] claims as a man of science rest on slippery ground." This is absolute nonsense—even when given as the dictum of a German critic.

I would be sorry to appeal to Germany for an opinion of Bacon as a man of science. Dr. Engel says Bacon "borrowed his science." Can he inform me where he borrowed the science in the "Novum Organum" (section 36), of which Professor Fowler says: "This paragraph does great credit to Bacon's sagacity, and is one of those which give him a claim to be regarded as a pioneer of science. He ought to have the credit of having detached the conception of attraction from that of magnetism."

This opinion of Bacon as a man of science—an original man of science—is confirmed by Professor Tyndall, Professor Gardiner, Professor Playfair, Professor Adamson, Dean Church, Mr. Morley, and others, who are as competent judges as Dr. Engel, though they are not Germans.

In conclusion, I notice that you say: "Bacon was no poet is clear to all who read him . . . and Engel is probably right when he says that more poetry may be found in Bismarck's speeches and letters than in Bacon's works." The German who can find no poetry in Bacon's works needs an English education, and disagrees on this point with Shelley, Lord Lytton, Landor, Spedding, Taine, and others. Dr. Engel may know a lot about Shakespeare. He knows precious little, however, about Bacon, when he says Bacon borrowed his science and was not a poet.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

### Keats' Grecian Urn

SIR,—Let me drive yet another nail into Mr. L. P. Patten's coffin. Has he never seen the little wooden carvings of cows wrought for the summer tourists by the Swiss cowherds on their long winter evenings? I would undertake (for adequate consideration) to provide him with a thousand examples of heifers with necks outstretched and eyes raised to the zenith, "lowing at the skies," from the hands of these craftsmen familiar with bovine habits from their cradles.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

### An Error Corrected

SIR,—In the appreciative notice of the "Burlington Magazine," published in your issue of the 23rd inst., you pay me the compliment of identifying me with the well-known editor of "The Studio." In the interests of the "Burlington Magazine," I ought, perhaps, to leave the mistake uncorrected, but possibly Mr. Charles Holme might think differently. As I am not personally responsible either for my Christian name or my surname I can only hope that he will bear me no ill-will for their resemblance to his.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES JOHN HOLMES,

17 Berners Street, W.

(Managing Director of the  
"Burlington Magazine" Limited.)

THE Directors of the London, City, and Midland Bank, in their half-yearly report just issued, declare a dividend at the rate of 19 per cent. After making provision for bad and doubtful debts and depreciation of consols, a balance of £118,319 12s. 9d. is carried forward. The paid-up capital is £3,000,000, with a reserve of equal amount.

## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music, and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

### COMPETITION

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5s. each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and *brevity* in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk (\*).

The prizes will consist of 5s. worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller as early as possible in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood, and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5s. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5s.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No Questions or Answers received after Monday will be considered eligible for the current week's competition.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

## Questions

### LITERATURE

"GLASTONBURY."—What justification is there for those writers who identify Glastonbury with "Insula Pomorum," and deduce from the last name the well-known Arthurian Avalon, or Avilion, through the Welsh *afal* = apple? William of Malmesbury is not a credible chronicler. Is it entirely to him that we owe the inception of this theory?—A. S. B.

COMMA.—When, and in what work, did the comma make its appearance?—W. P.

MARITAL LOVE.—Can any of your readers point to passages in Roman literature which give substantial evidence to the existence of a strong love, apart from mere affections, existing between man and wife?—M. T.

LITERARY GODFATHERS.—Recently there has been a notable increase in new editions of standard authors "introduced" by well-known critics. When did this custom first come into vogue, and is any writer generally credited with its initiation?—E. N. S.

\* "HUMPHREY HOUR."—What is the explanation of the following dialogue between Richard III. and his mother, in Shakespeare's "Richard III., Act iv., Scene iv.:

Duchess of York.—What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

Richard.—Faith none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

The folio of 1623 reads "Humphray Hower." The commentators do not get beyond the well-known expression of "dining with Duke Humphrey"; but it does not seem likely that Richard would have suggested that his mother would have left him in order to go without her breakfast; such a retort would lack point.—H. C.

"OHNE PHOSPHOR KEIN GEDANKE."—I believe this expression was used by Goethe. Can any of your readers inform me in which of his works it is to be found?—H. C.

RABELAIS.—Is there any key, in English, to the many cryptic allusions in the works of Rabelais?—H. D. B.

"PROSERPINA."—

"O, Proserpina!

For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon!"

—Winter's Tale, Act iv., Sc. iii.

Can anyone tell me the exact source of this allusion? One knows the myth alluded to, but does anyone know if this is merely a poetic fancy, or what was Shakespeare's authority, and what the exact legend from which he took the idea of Proserpina's dropping the wreath of flowers as she was conveyed away?—C.

### HISTORY

CALIGULA.—Can any reader help me to a reference about a dream of Caligula (or possibly some other Roman emperor) to the effect that "the sea came up and spoke to him"?—A. W.

WATERLOO.—An old book of reminiscences, "Sunderings in London," 1853, refers to "the famous house at the corner of King Street (St. James's Square), from the steps of which George IV., on the night of 20th June 1818, proclaimed the news of the victorious battle of Waterloo." Of course 1818 is a mistake, but is it on record that the King publicly proclaimed the victory? If so, what are the contemporary references? Curiously enough this corner house is only three doors from that in which Napoleon III. lived many years afterwards.—S. S. S. (Yeovil).

POPE'S NAMES.—Why do popes assume new names on coming to the papacy? Giovanni de' Medici became Leo X. and the present pope Pius X., though the former was not named Leo nor the latter Pius before becoming pope.—M. R.

### MUSIC

AMBROSE AUSTIN.—An MS. I am editing alludes to this gentleman's "annuals"—meaning concerts at St. James's Hall or elsewhere. Query: biographical details.—W. H. C.

### GENERAL

\* "NOT FIT TO HOLD THE CANDLE TO HIM."—Is this a pure colloquialism, or can it be found in standard writers? In my own reading I have come across an incident which may throw light on the subject. "Being call'd into his Majesty's closet when Mr. Cooper, the rare dinner, was cravering of the King's face and head, to make the stamps for the new mill'd money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candle-light for the better finding out the shadows." "The Diary of John Evelyn," January 1662.—*Clericus*.

"COUNTING-OUT" VERSE.—Can anyone tell me the origin of the children's "counting-out" rhyme—

"Een, dena, diner, duss,  
Cattler, weeler, wiler, wuss,  
Spit, spot, must be done,  
Twiddleum, twaddlecum, twenty-one—  
O-u-t spells "out"  
Out goes He—"

—A. M. S. (Paddocks).

## Answers

### LITERATURE

\* "LORDS OF HELL."—I would suggest that "Lords of Hell" is intended to be a translation of *di inferni*; but like most expressions of any worth it has other meanings and suggestions. Taken with its context the term signifies and includes any form of evil insidious and dominant in high places in defiance of sober opinion and right judgment elsewhere. Such evil could not flourish but that it is fed upon victims supplied by the base for gain; the large acceptance of the "philosophic mind" must not so confound good and evil as to encourage laxity because it is sometimes seen that past sin does not render generous goodness impossible. If it does so it is actually helping to sustain secret evil and weakening the total moral force which it is the "divine" mission of philosophy to strengthen.—S. C.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GRAMMAR."—Whatever it may be, the phrase cited from "Peveril of the Peak" is not an "excruciating transatlanticism." "Between you and I" is very commonly used everywhere in Britain. It will be found scattered all over Dickens' works, and is twice used in a couple of consecutive sentences by the little lawyer in Chapter X. of "Pickwick."—H. R.

"RASSELAS."—The name "Rasselas" was probably taken from Lobo's "History of Abyssinia," from *Ras Sela* Christos, printed *Rassela* Christos, page 102.—Y.

\* "MUSIC AT THE CLOSE."—The original French poem is entitled "L'Agonie," and is by Sully-Prudhomme. Du Maurier translated only a part of this, which in the original runs to 48 lines. The poem appears in "Specimens of Modern French Verse," by H. M. Berthou, published by Macmillan. The French publisher is Lemerre, passage Choiseul, Paris. I wonder how these lines came to be ascribed to Madame Necker. Did she write a similar poem?—*Young Hopeful*.

### QUOTATION FOUND:—

"When mankind shall be delivered  
From the clash of magazines,  
And the inkstand shall be smothered  
Into countless smithereens;  
When there stands a muzzled stripling  
Mute, beside a muzzled bore;  
When the Rudyard's cease from kipling  
And the Haggards Ride no more."

From J. E. Stephen's "Lapsus Calami" (1891 edition, page 3).—A. R. R.

(Similar replies received from A. M. E. Seelye (Torquay), M. L. B. (Malvern), M. S. (Oxford), F. (Cambridge), T. E. T. (Hendon), Sapses, M. S. (Paddocks), W. H. C., M. A. C., and W. B. L.)

PROVERBS.—See King (W. F. H.), "Classical and Foreign Proverbs," 1887; Christy (R.), "Proverbs of all Ages," 2 vols., 1888; Middlemore (G.), "Proverbs in Various Languages," 1899; Webster (W. G.), "Quotations, Words and Proverbs rendered into English"; Webster's "International Dictionary."—F. (Cambridge).

PROVERBS.—See Isaac D'Israeli's "Philosophy of Proverbs." There are also the collections of Prose, Ray, and Fuller, and incidental treatment of much interest is to be found in the writings of Trench and the authors of "Guesses at Truth."—S. C.

PROVERBS.—The best book in English on the history and derivation of proverbs is "Proverb Lore," by F. H. Hulme (Elliot Stock, 1902). The origin of some English proverbs will also be found in Bohn's "Handbook of Proverbs," 1867, pages 197-225. See also "Sprichwörter der germanischen und romanischen Sprachen," by Rheinsburg-Düringsfeld (1872-74).—W. P.

PROVERBS.—Consult Archbishop R. C. Trench's "On the Lessons in Proverbs: Five Lectures," 1853, and "The Handbook of Proverbs" in Bohn's Antiquarian Library, 1850.—A. R. B.

### GENERAL

"PARIS VAUT BIEN UNE MESSE."—Henry of Navarre—less conscientious than our James II., who lost three kingdoms for a mass—said "Paris is well worth a mass." Never a bigoted Huguenot, Henry IV. of France abjured the Protestant faith, and was solemnly received into the bosom of Holy Church on July 23, 1593, by the Archbishop of Bourges in the Abbey Church of St. Denis.—A. R. B.

(Replies also received from H. P. Humphry, A. H. W., F. (Cambridge), and H. rmatopagos.)

"PANATTONNE" is not "prepared for Christmas only," at any rate in the Italian Lake district. It is a simple kind of currant loaf, and is eaten all the year round. Its derivation is from the Latin *panis*, through the Low-Latin, *paneterius* or *panaterius* (baker), and is akin to Italian, *panatello* (a little loaf).—*Harmatopagos*.

"MALBROUK."—M. Forné, who says that this name, as applied to a kind of ape, "has completely disappeared from the French language, if it were ever in use," and "is quite unknown to-day," will find, in the "Nouveau Dictionnaire Encyclopédique" of Jules Troussot (Vol. III., s.v. "Guenon") the following:—"Le genre guénon, dont le nom scientifique est cercopithecus, comprend une trentaine d'espèces, dont les principales sont: le talapoin, la mone, l'ascagne, le monstac, le grivet, le callitriche, le vervet, le malbrouc et le patas." Surely the loose general statement (it seems to be no more) of Cuvier's note on Pliny (H.N. VIII., 21, 30) cannot be the sole justification for this specific application of the name? But what did Cuvier say?—B. M. G.

PEDIGREE AND GENEALOGY.—References to all three surnames—"Dawkins," "Eyre" and "Plumptree"—will be found in "The Genealogist's Guide," by Dr. George W. Marshall (Rouge Croix), of which there has recently been a new edition.—A. R. B.

NOTE.—Further replies referring to "Mardy," "Maudy," and to the "Lives of the Saints" have been received from A. L. G. (Leek) and C. B. (Bristol). Also several inquiries which are inadmissible.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the four booksellers whose names follow:—

Young's Library, 36 Kensington High Street, W.  
John Lawrence, 466 Great Western Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.  
Edward North, 30 Church Road, Hove, Brighton.  
Bray & Co., 48 St. Peter's Street, Derby.



